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INDIANS.

HOW THEY BEHAVE AND WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR THEM IN NEW MEXICO.

Correspondence of the Brooklyn Union.

SANTA FE, N. M., September 4th.

Dear Union :—Probably your numerous intelligent readers would like some facts touching the Indian situation in this region.

Business has required my presence in Santa Fe and vicinity for some months past, and having read many conflicting statements relating to Indian tribes in the territories, their intractable dispositions toward the whites, and general murderous proclivities, I have informed myself carefully so far at least as relates to the red men in this quarter of Uncle Samuel's growing domain.

THE PUEBLOS AS FARMERS.

I have found that there are some 7,000 Indians located hereabouts, principally of the Pueblo tribe. Though they are as a body recognized and acknowledged by almost all observers as being the most industrious and intelligent tillers of the soil and successful as farmers, indeed far superior to all of the many mixtures here, yet they are remarkably ignorant of the simplest form of school education—probably not a dozen of this great number being ble to read or write. Can you, or the government at Washington, conceive of a greater need here among these well disposed loyal men, (for they volunteered for and did good service on our side during the war) than of opportunities for school instruction? Stir this question, dear *Union*, in the interest of sheer justice to them and ourselves.

I have learned also that these red people (whom I must confess I came out here prepared to be disgusted with) evince, by their civilized manners and comparative freedom from savage life, a state of preparation which, properly encouraged, will lead to lasting advantage to our people.

A DEMAND FOR FREE SCHOOLS.

That these Pueblo Indians *can fight* is too clearly established on the record to allow of question for a moment, that their better and more sensible disposition restrains them from letting "loose the dogs of war," prompts them to avoid bloodshed and to attend to peaceful pursuits instead. This should be encouraged by *free schools*, under the patronage of the government. It will repay us a thousand fold. The schools need not long remain free. Open the eyes of such a people as these Pueblos to the value of education to themselves and their children, and they'll soon stand all the expenses of such needs themselves Just to show the long-suffering patient nature of these naturally warlike red men, let me give you a few points on matters relating to which, among others, I have informed myself.

HOW THE INDIANS ARE CHEATED.

Before the Mexican war this Pueblo tribe of Indians entered into a treaty with the Spanish-Mexican government, the result of which was that certain tracts of land were granted by the government to these Indians, the latter to continue in undisturbed possesion and full owner-ship forever etc., etc. The Indians were clothed with all the rights of a distinct people or nation, to elect their own rulers, make their own laws, etc.

When the Territory was added to the United States the old Spanish laws, so far as they related to the grants of these lands to the Indians, were ratified by our Congress.

For many years the Pueblos managed affairs within their own jurisdiction, according to their own judgment, but, as the tide of civilization rolled on, their lands were gradually but effectually encroached upon somewhat after this manner:

Indians would resort to the Mexican towns to trade; the store-keepers and traders would systematically swindle poor Lo, and perchance, but a few months would elapse, when the Indians would by some hocus-pocus be found deeply sunk in debt to the trader. The trader would enter suit, and the Indians having no knowledge of Spanish-Mexican law and hardly of the traders' language were of course mulcted and judgment easily obtained against them. Their lands were seized, sold, passed into the hands of this or that Mexican, and the Indians turned out to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies—you can judge which was most likely, the bitter or the sweet. By degrees the Mexicans thus became settled all around Pueblo grants and slowly became possessors of the best of the Indian's property. This was the state of affairs when the Territory passed into the hands of the United States. The *Mexicans* were then immediately given all the rights of citizens, being entitled to vote, hold office etc., etc., while the Indians, (poor fellows) were to be placed under the *protection* of our United States Government to be persuaded to keep quiet, or else get thrashed till they did. We all know how these things have been managed heretofore, or at least we have known the results. Well, the Mexicans elected "Alcades," as they term them—magistrates or judges—who, finding Mexicans on Pueblo grants under their (the Alcade's) jurisdiction. The judges, not feeling indebted to the Indians for votes, as they, the Indians, had no rights as voters, almost as a matter of course, in litigations which were brought before them, gave the benefit of all doubts to their constituents.

I was very glad to learn some time since, that Lieutenant Charles L. Cooper, U. S. A., (by the by well-known in Brooklyn), now Indian agent, stationed here, was energetically at work sifting matters with a view to having justice done to the red man under his special care.

A BROOKLYN MAN AMONG THEM.

The other day quite a deputation of representative Pueblos, from San Ildefonso, apparently assured of their having a true friend in Lieut. Cooper, waited upon him with their interpreters and spokesmen, and had quite a long conference with him on affairs of the tribe. He selected four of the leading spokesmen, and with their interpreter called upon Gov. Pile. There they all had another long conference, the Governor, it is said taking a deep interest in the statement of the Indians.

I judged that the result of the meeting must have been very satisfactory to the Pueblos, as they immediately, on being notified of what would be done in their behalf by the Governor, sent fleet messengers off towards their homes, some twenty miles away.

After a while, about four o'clock in the afternoon, back came the messengers with "Big Injuns," and squaws in profusion accompanying them, all dressed in their gayest and highly colored costumes.

Then there was, what some in the States would call, "a high, old time." It was *their* way of expressing gratitude "for the friendliness of Gov. Pile, and Indian Agent Cooper. They kept it up for a long time in front of Cooper's house, and finally on his yielding to their requests to have him their "tah-tah," come to see them, and "talk" to their people they good-naturedly withdrew. One thing was very apparent to my mind; that the representatives of the administration in this territory, are determined that the red men shall be justly dealt with, and I believe that great good results will necessarily flow therefrom. UNO.

THE MURDER OF SENATOR ADKINS OF GEORGIA.

From the American Baptist, September 28, 1869.

NEW YORK, September 23, 1869.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir* :—In the course of my correspondence as secretary of the Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots, proffering educational aid to two or more of the daughters of the murdered Senator, the Hon. Joseph Adkins of Georgia, a response was solicited to some counter reports touching the personal character of the murdered man. In addition to letters of details and references for their truthfulness, the following has been received from one of the daughters. Its insertion in your columns may serve the cause of justice to oppressed patriotism.

DAVID P. HOLTON,
Cor. Sec. of the I. R. O. P.

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

The slanders which have teemed in the rebel newspapers upon the memory of my dear and martyred father, Joseph Adkins, make it incumbent upon me, one of his daughters, to make some reply. I wish that he had an abler defender, but I cannot delay to seek such a one. So vile and monstrous are the falsehoods which are being circulated and repeated, among his political enemies, as flimsy excuses for his assassination—that it would be useless to seek for an advocate among the oppressed and downtrodden Republicans, whose lives are the price of an outspoken opinion, or imprudent word; or among the chivalrous Democrats, no one of whom would be chivalrous enough to undertake the cause of the widow and the fatherless. It therefore devolves on me to defend his reputation. I can but simply hurl back the infamous charges they allege against my deceased father. They consist altogether of vague rumors. If they have any proof against him sufficient to justify his murder for personal causes, let it be produced.

No! they are well aware that no private injury to his assassin caused his murder. They know and feel in their hearts, however they may prate with their tongues and pens, that he was killed because he was a Republican. No man ever died more purely a martyr for opinion's sake than my father. He was of the stuff that martyrs are made of; uncompromising in his opinions, bold in their expression, unyielding in his patriotism. No wonder that the band of secret assassins who riot in the blood of Georgia Republicans should wish to get rid of him. If his murderers and their supporters and apologists of the press were as bold in declaring their motives as they were cowardly in their crimes, they would avow these motives, and cease to put their ingenuity on the stretch to invent incredible excuses. Let them prove their allegations or acknowledge their reason for the murder. But they never will avow their true motives, though all men know them, nor will they ever be called to account for that bloody deed. Talk of civil law, and courts of justice! The civil law is powerless, except to oppress Republicans, or poor freedmen. Courts of justice are a mockery in the hands of our oppressors. There remains but one alternative; the good sense of the majority of the people must be aroused to put down the perpetrators of such cruelties.

Men of Georgia, will you suffer your fair heritage to be devastated by civil war, for to that the deeds of these villains tend? Will you suffer yourselves to be characterized by the civilized world as a nation of cowards, ruled by a band of assassins? We are constantly told that these outrages and murders are perpetrated by only a few, who do not have the countenance or encouragement of the majority of the community. Would the world not be right in stigmatizing that majority as cowards? Perhaps I may go further, and say that those who know such things are, and suffer them to be, are accomplices and accessories, equally guilty through their approval, silence, and non-action; equally criminal with those who do these crimes under cover of darkness and ambush. You pretend to desire capital and immigration. The murders of Dr. Ayre, my father, and others, have driven away thousands of capital, and hundreds of peaceful and useful immigrants. So, if you cannot be moved by worthier considerations, act from reasons of self-interest. Protect peaceful citizens; avenge the victims who have fallen, and declare that there shall be no more martyrdoms for opinion's sake. It may be that time may efface the memory of the dark and bloody deeds which have been done in Georgia.

Women of Georgia, wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, have your hearts become so hardened that you can have no pity upon a wife left destitute, daughters made fatherless, by the bullet of an ambushed assassin? Have what men call politics so unsexed you that you can approve the murders and smile on the murderers? Think, it may be your fate to see husband or father dying in his blood, causelessly murdered. The blood of our father is not yet dry, but neither now, nor when it shall have faded out of his dying bed, and the memories of men, can we, his daughters, do anything to avenge him, because, forsooth, he died, as he lived, a radical. Let these things go on, and since men seem to have lost their manhood, a Deborah or a Judith may yet arise to avenge the oppressed. Use, then, your influence, women of Georgia, to avert the horrors which must ensue, if these deeds are much longer permitted to go unpunished.

People of the United States: You call yourselves a nation; you boast that wherever your flag floats it protects your citizens. True, it may do so in Cuba or Paraguay, but here under its very folds your citizens are murdered for no other reason than because they loved that flag, the emblem of nationality. The lives of Union men are in more danger than if they stood arrayed in hostile ranks against the armies of the rebellion. You may cry peace! peace! but again I say, there is no peace. The war is as flagrant now as in 1864. More barbarous, for no prisoners are taken—no quarters given. The black flag is raised against all republicans. Yet you listen to and read the tale of the oppression and murder of patriots with an incredulous smile. A tithe of that tale has never been told, and never will be till the judgment trumpet shall call the unrecorded victims from their hidden graves.

People of Georgia, and of the United States: I come before you to plead the cause of the widow and fatherless. The murderers of my father go free and unmolested—even honored for their deed while he lies in a bloody grave. They are well known and can be named, yet not a step has been taken to bring them to justice. They are of the aristocracy, the chivalry, while he was only a radical. I have no recourse but to appeal to the people of Georgia, and of the nation, for retribution upon them and their secret clan of assassins. Such an appeal I hereby solemnly make.

PENELOPE ADKINS.

WARRENTON, Warren Co., Ga.

AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.

AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF JUDGE HART.

From the (Texas) McKinney Messenger.

LAST Sunday morning the startling and painful report reached town that Hardin Hart the Judge of this Judicial District, and District Attorney J. L. Gray, of this place, while riding, Saturday morning last, in the direction of Greenville from Bonham, accompanied by a Federal escort, were fired upon from the brush at a place seven miles from Bonham, and instantly killed; also that one of the escort was wounded. The man who brought the report, stated that he had ridden since Saturday morning from a house seven miles beyond Bonham, and that when he passed through that place a large party of citizens was forming for the purpose of pursuing the murderers. In the evening of the same day later and more reliable intelligence was received, from which it appeared that Judge Gray was not hurt, but that Judge Hart and a soldier were wounded. Since then we have seen and conversed with Judge Gray, and from his statement condense the following particulars:

Judge Hart's party, which consisted of himself, Judge Gray, a corporal, and six privates, left Bonham for Greenville one hour before daybreak last Saturday. After journeying seven miles, and having passed the last house near Bonham, the party came to a place where each side of the road was bordered with dense thickets. In a thicket, to the right of the road, as subsequently appeared, six or seven fiends in human form, armed with shot-guns, revolvers, and Spencer rifles, had secreted themselves for the purpose of assassinating Judge Hart. The design had been formed days, perhaps weeks, before. A passway had been cut into the thicket, and a barricade or breastwork formed of brush and logs. Behind this breastwork the assassins were lying eagerly awaiting the approach of their intended victim. Some three quarters of a mile farther on was another breastwork, similarly constructed, and no doubt screening other members of the band, the object clearly being to kill Judge Hart at the second ambuscade, provided he should escape the first. The first, however, very nearly proved fatal to him, for just as he and the foremost of his party reached a point in a line with the opening or passway which had been cut into the thicket, the assassins opened fire. At the first volley, Judge Hart was struck in the right arm, which was broken in two places; a shot grazed his right side, cutting through the skin, but doing little injury; several shots struck the stock of a Henry rifle which he carried on his right front, and others, still, his saddle, and one his horse, which plunged madly forward and threw the wounded rider heavily to the ground. Judge Gray escaped without a scratch; but his horse, less fortunate, went down, with six buck-shot in the head, and two Spencer balls through the neck. Four of the escort, panic-struck, wheeled their horses and galloped in the direction of Bonham, and reported on reaching that place that Gray and Hart were both killed. The corporal and two of his men dismounted and returned the fire of the brushmen, holding them in check until Gray, who had gone to the assistance of Hart, succeeded in removing him a distance of thirty yards into a dense thicket, which effectually screened them from observation. This accomplished, the three soldiers beat a retreat. One of them who was riding a lame mule went off afoot, secreted himself in the brush, and when everything became apparently quiet returned in search of Hart and Gray. He was discovered by the brushmen, who charged him with the savage ferocity of a pack of bloodhounds, and fired a considerable number of shots at him, one of which struck him in the thigh, notwithstanding which he managed to escape.

The bandits stripped Judge Gray's horse, taking his saddle-bags, saddle, and everything of value, and passed close to the place where he and Judge Hart were secreted, but without discovering them. It was evidently their belief that they had killed both Hart and Gray, and to this erroneous impression the latter probably owe their safety.

Soon after stripping Gray's horse the robbers rode off in the direction of Greenville; and Gray left Hart and went for help, but being unacquainted with the country, and no woodsman, soon got lost, and, for a considerable time, was unable to find a house. Meanwhile Judge Hart, weak from the loss of blood, and suffering much from his wounds, made his way alone to the first house on the road to Bonham, where he was kindly cared for, until medical aid arrived, when he was removed to Bonham and his arm amputated. At last accounts he was doing well.

The next day fifteen of the desperadoes, two of whom were recognized to be Hays and Parker, were counted in one body, between Bonham and a post-office in Hunt County called White Rock, four miles from the latter place. They were well armed, and with drawn guns halted a courier who was returning to Bonham from Greenville, whither he had been sent, with intelligence of the disaster, to Judge Hart's family, asking him, among other things, if Hart and Gray were not both killed. After answering their questions, the courier was told, if he would save his life, to travel, a command which he was not slow in obeying.

This cowardly, vindictive and fiendish attack upon Judge Hart, demands, and we trust will meet with, a prompt and vigorous effort, on the part of the civil and military authorities to bring the guilty parties to justice. A military force, sufficiently strong to scour the country in every direction, capture or exterminate the banded villains wherever found, and bring them, their aiders and abettors, to a justice which shall be both swift and sure, should at once be sent here under the command of a prudent, but active and energetic officer. We hope, and have reason to believe, the General-commanding will at once extend us this relief. It now being manifest that the only alternative left good citizens is to conquer a peace, the war to that end should be short, sharp, and decisive.

TEXAS.

REIGN OF TERROR IN WHARTON COUNTY.

Correspondence of the Jefferson (Texas) Radical.

WHARTON, Sept. 8th, 1869.

OUR community of late has been the scene of warlike and hostile demonstrations. On the 23d of August the Sheriff had occasion to call to his aid the power of the county, which was responded to by every white and colored Republican called upon, and not only opposed, but openly resisted by every so-called Democrat in this county and its surrounding borders for miles, with force of arms.

The Sheriff had often times before called upon this Democratic and disloyal element, and in every instance was refused the assistance sought to secure the ends of justice, consequently on this important and threatening occasion, was compelled to obtain aid from Republicans who were almost entirely colored people, the very sight of which aroused the exasperated rebel Ku-Klux to again resort to arms and thereby prevent, if possible, the just execution of the law. The Sheriff who is termed (by these Ku-Klux, Rebel Democrats), a *Carpet Bagger*, has not since his advent here been treated with any considerable encouragement or respect in the discharge of his duties, but on the contrary, as he was a Union man during the late unpleasantness, in many parts of this State, considered an intruder.

On this occasion, the Sheriff being a very discreet and every way prudent man, seeing this great dissatisfaction existing, and threatening extermination of the Republican party in this county, especially all who are termed carpet-baggers or scallawaggers, wishing to prevent bloodshed and further trouble ordered his posse to return home, which when done, an uprising of these began in large numbers from all directions, appeared in town and around the court house, looking and thirsting for blood. These Ku-Klux said they had been put to some considerable trouble, and thought it best to break up the d——n radical wigwam, and run this blue-bellied set out of the country, that this was not a free country for their sort, and they should be taught a lesson to begin with, and some were in for murdering them outright. But thank the Lord, no one was killed except one of their own party, and he by their own men. Night came on, the Sheriff, County Clerk, and the other white Radicals, had to make their escape to the woods and there slept that night. The next morning the Sheriff was on his way for troops, while the other Rads. returned home to get something to eat. It seems, from an undoubted source, the Ku-Klux had been hunting all night for the whereabouts of the Radicals, and failing to find them, fell upon an old, inoffensive freedman, beat and whipped him unmercifully with pistols and whips, for belonging to the Union League. They inquired for the white members, among whom was Mr. F. G. Franks, a candidate for the Legislature, threatened to kill him on sight, and immediately went to his house in town, called for and demanded him to come out, but was told by his wife that he was sick, and while the Ku-Klux were making preparation and consulting about searching for him, he made his successful escape to the woods, where he remained until the arrival of the U. S. troops, under that excellent and efficient officer, Major Wikoff, who at once restored peace and quiet to the surrounding country. The so-called Democrats who claim to be so good and law abiding, will, on every occasion show their true signs of disloyalty. They will not only refuse to support the civil authorities, but prevent others from exercising the right to do so.

Gen. Hamilton said in a public speech, this would prove an unhealthy year for northern men, (that is carpet-baggers, etc.,) and his newly enfranchised expect and are determined to prove his assertion true in these parts. They have already on various occasions, boldly asserted that they intended to carry the present election at all hazards. Of course they mean to carry it, if they have to kill and murder every true Republican of any note who supports Gen. Davis, and as a resort to arms on this first occasion only goes to prove what may be looked for as the election progresses.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE NATIONAL LABOR CONVENTION.

From the Philadelphia Christian Recorder.

FROM all parts of the country we are receiving intelligence of the great interest taken in the forthcoming Convention of the colored laboring men of the United States. We notice the following:

NATIONAL LABOR CONVENTION.

The Union Congregational Church at Newport, R. I., was well filled on Monday evening by laboring men and their friends to consider the industrial questions of the day. The Providence *Journal* says that the meeting was called to order by Rev. M. Van Horne, and was opened with prayer by Rev. J. P. Shreeves. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the evening:

Rev. J. P. Shreeves, President; J. W. Palmer and T. G. Williams, Vice Presidents, and John Dosher, Secretary.

Rev. M. Van Horne, George T. Downing, L. D. Davis, Wm. Little and others were called out, and in response addressed the meeting.

Messrs. George T. Downing, Mahlon Van Horne and M. S. Haynes were appointed a Committee on Resolutions, who reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we do heartily recognize the call issued for a National Labor Convention to assemble in the city of Washington D. C., on the first Monday in December.

Resolved, That the Colored men of the nation, being to a great extent mechanics and laborers, we regard it our immediate interest, as well as our duty, to do all in our power to add to the dignity and elevation of labor; and as a union of the laboring men of the nation, without regard to race or color, linked by an intelligent, liberal and patriotic spirit, will greatly tend thereto, we should and will strive to effect the same, and shall hope for the sympathy and coöperation of capitalists, with whom labor should be in harmony and accord.

Resolved, That we refer with special satisfaction to the National Labor Convention, which was composed of white men, which assembled in the city of Philadelphia on the 16th of last August, because it adopted a platform in keeping with the above enunciation, as to the importance, duty and interest of union and accord between the laborers of the nation, without regard to race or color.

Resolved, That we are glad to know that the contemplated Convention to assemble in Washington is to convene under these favorable auspices, with a policy in keeping, as its guiding sentiment, that its doors are open to the Irishman, the German, the Englishman, the Frenchman, to all, without regard to race or color.

Resolved, That we will send a delegate to such a Convention, and ask the coöperation to that end of mechanics and the laboring men generally of the State.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to invite such coöperation.

Resolved, That G. T. Downing, M. Van Horne and T. G. Williams be that committee.

Resolved, That Messrs. Shreeves, Van Horne, Palmer, Mary Nichols, Adeline Jones and Miss Bowen be a committee with power to raise funds in aid of this movement.

After some further discussion of the matter at issue the meeting adjourned.

NATIONAL LABOR CONVENTION.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the colored mechanics, laborers and farmers of Frederick County, Virginia, was held in the city of Winchester on Friday evening last. Rev. Robert Armstead was called to the chair, and Mr. Reuben Bundy was elected Secretary. Randolph Martin, Esq., offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we unequivocally endorse the call for a National Labor Convention of the colored men of the nation to meet in the city of Washington on the first Monday in December, 1869.

Resolved, That in our judgment, the condition of the colored laboring men of the whole country, demands that we should meet in National Council, to adopt such measures as will effectually organize the colored labor of the whole country.

Resolved, That we heartly endorse the action of the Philadelphia Convention in admitting colored delegates, and also their liberal platform, in making no distinction in the employment of labor, on account of race or color.

Resolved, That we endorse the address of Mr. Isaac Meyers, delivered before said Convention, and recommend its careful perusal by the colored laboring men of the country.

Resolved, That Professor Randolph Martin represent the city of Winchester, and that William A. Evans represent the county at large, in the National Labor Convention that meets in the city of Washington on the first Monday in December next.

A subscription of one hundred dollars was raised to defray the expenses of the delegates.

Mr. Martin has called meetings in other counties. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in Western Virginia.

The colored coopers of Baltimore have formed an Association, and gone to work in shops with white men, at same rate of wages. The good work moves on. Colored men organize!

THE LAUSANNE PEACE CONGRESS.

VICTOR HUGO'S CLOSING SPEECH.

VICTOR HUGO closed the third session of the Congress of Peace and Liberty by the following speech:

Citizens: It is my duty to close this Congress by a final word. I will try to be cordial: help me. You are the Congress of Peace, that is to say, of civilization. On that point, allow me a remembrance. Twenty years ago, in 1849, there was at Paris a Congress of Peace. It was on the 24th of August—a bloody date! The anniversary of the Saint Bartholomew! Two priests representing the two forms of Christianty, were there: the Pastor Coquerel and the Abbe Degnerry. The chairman of the Congress—the man who has the honor of addressing you—evoked the nefarious souvenir of 1572, and, and addressing the two ministers, he told them, "Kiss each other!" In presence of that sinister date, to the acclamation of the assembly, Catholicism and Protestantism joined lips. To-day, only a few hours separate us from another date which is as illustrious as the first one is infamous; we are nigh to the 22d of September. It was on that day that the French republic was founded; and if despotism and fanaticism had, on the 24th of August, 1572, said their last word, extermination—on the 22d of September, 1792, democracy sent forth its first cry, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Well! That sublime date recalls to my memory those two religions represented by two priests who gave each other the kiss of peace, and I call for another embrace. This one is easy; it has nothing to be forgotten. I ask for the embrace of the republic and socialism. (Thunders of applause). Our enemies say, "If necessary, socialism would accept the empire." It is not true, Our enemies say, "The republic ignores socialism." It is not true. The high and definitive formula which I have just recalled, while it expresses the whole republic, also expresses the whole socialism. At the side of liberty, which implies property, there is equality, which implies the right of work, a lofty formula of 1848; and there is also fraternity, which implies solidarity. Therefore republicanism and socialism are one. (Prolonged bravos). Citizens, I am not myself a republican of the eve, but I am a socialist of the day before the eve. My socialism dates from 1828; therefore, I have the right to speak of it. Socialism is vast and not narrow; it embraces all human problems, the social conception in its entirety. While it evokes the important question of work and wages, it proclaims the inviolability of human life, the abolition of war, the abolition of the gallows, the abolition of murder under all its forms, the substitution of instruction for penalty. (Applause). It proclaims gratuitious and obligatory education; it proclaims woman equal to man—(bravo)—it proclaims the right of the child and the responsibility of man; lastly, it proclaims the individual sovereignty, which is identical with liberty. What is all that? It is socialism; it is also republicanism. Citizens, socialism is the affirmation of life; republicanism is the affirmation of right. The one raises up the individual to the dignity of man; the other raises up the man to the dignity of citizen. Is there an accord more perfect? Yes; we all agree. We do not want a Cæsar. I defend socialism, which is calumniated. On the day when the question is put between slavery and well-being—*panem et circenses* on the one hand, and liberty with poverty on the other, no one amongst the republicans and the Socialists will hesitate; and all—I declare it, I affirm it, I answer for it—all will prefer to the white bread of servitude the black bread of liberty. (Enthusiastic bravos). Therefore we must not let antagonism appear and germinate. Therefore my socialist brethren, my republican brethren, let us stand close and serried around justice and truth; let us face the enemy. Who is the enemy? The enemy is more and less than a man. It is a compound of hideous facts, which weighs on the world, and which devours it. It is a monster with a thousand claws, although with but one head. The enemy? It is that sinister incarnation of the old military and monarchical crime who stifles and spoliates us; who puts his hand on our mouths and in our pockets—(yes, yes; true, true)—who has the millions, the budgets, the priests, the valets, the civil lists, the palaces, all the armies, and not a single people. (Applause). The enemy it is who reigns, governs, and organizes at the present moment. (Thunders of applause). Citizens, let us be the enemies of the enemy; let us be our own friends; let us be only one soul to fight him; let us have only one heart to love each other. Citizens, let us cry fraternity! (Yes, yes; bravo!) Another word and I have finished. Let us look at the future; let us think of the day, certain, inevitable, near at hand perhaps, when the whole of Europe will be cultivated like that noble Swiss country which welcomes us at this moment. That little country has its grandeur—it has a country which is called a republic, it has a mountain which is called the Virgin. Like Switzerland, let us have a republic for a citadel, and may our immaculate and inviolable liberty be like the Jung-frau, a virgin peak in full light. I salute the future revolution! (We all greet it with you; bravo! bravo!")

VAIN REPETITIONS.

From the N. O. Tribune.

WE are sometimes charged with using vain repetitions because we have so much to say about caste and the prejudice of race and color. We can tell our critics how to prevent this. The remedy is in their own hands. Let them simply treat us in all respects like human beings, and our treatises upon prejudice will cease. But till they do this, we can only repeat our remonstrances, hoping to gain a hearing by our importunity. If the prejudice continues unabated, our voice must still be lifted up to expose and denounce it. And we do not believe that our efforts will be barren of results. If what we advance is based upon reason and justice, it must, sooner or later, commend itself to the good sense and good feelings of the people; unless, indeed, we pay them too great a compliment to suppose them open to conviction.

We are charged, indeed, with an indiscreet and violent interference with established sentiments and customs. We ought to exercise more patience, and to wait the result of the gradual wearing away of prejudice,—so we are told. Great surprise is expressed at what is deemed our impertinence. The feeling is, that for us, who as a people, were but the other day in a servile condition, it were more becoming to be very humble, and very grateful for any favors, instead of making such exorbitant demands. In other words, we ought to know our place better. We concede that humility is an excellent grace, but we have always supposed it to be equally beneficial to whites and blacks. And we do not believe that a proper sense of one's rights is at all inconsistent with it.

Why it should be particularly recommended to us, we do not understand. It may not be considered very proper for us to say it, but we cannot help feeling that pride has been more characteristic of the whites than of the blacks, and that lectures upon humility would be singularly appropriate to the former.

A class which for centuries oppressed vast numbers of their fellow creatures, have reason, it seems to us, to be very humble, and, instead of reading moral lectures to their former bondmen, to take them by the hand and endeavor to repair the wrongs of generations. Unfortunately this is not the case. The colored people are given to understand that they have obtained too much already and are altogether too high-minded.

Now we do not by any means wish to be hasty and turbulent. We would awaken no unhallowed excitement. We would not stir up the colored people to violent measures. Rather would we counsel patience. But while doing this, it does not follow that we should tamely submit to all sorts of indignities. We have a right to speak and to speak plainly, whenever our interests are concerned.

THE NASBY PAPERS.

A CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCE IN MISSISSIPPI.

From the Toledo Blade.

VIXBURG, (wich is in the State uv Mississippi,) Sept. 28, 1869.

* * I am, ez the date uv this epistle shows, in Mississippi, where I shel contribbit my mite to the eleckshen uv Judge Dent to the Chief Magistracy uv this glorious State. I wuz present last nite at the first meetin uv the campane, where all the candidates uv the Conservative Yoonyun party, ez the Democracy call theirselves in this seckshen, addressed the masses. The awjence wuz uv all colors. Oh! ez I saw them niggers standin there all together, how I longed to hev em in Kentucky, Ohio or Injiany, where they can't vote, and where its safe to bust em! But they warnt in Kentucky, Ohio or Injiany; they were in Mississipi, and they hev votes, and consekently I wuz compelled to stand by and treet em ez though they wuz men. Faugh!

Judge Dent made a most tellin speech to em. After remarkin that he wuz a brother-in-law uv President Grant (at wich the niggers cheered, and the Judge thankt em with ez much grace ez poor Johnson yoost to under simlar circumstances.) he went on to ask why his colored friends coodent hev confidence into him. He cood put his hand onto his heart and swear he loved em. He wuznt a colored man hisself, but he hed lived amongst em all his life, and hed bin nussed at the breast uv a colored woman. Love em! He did love em. There wuz suthin noble about em—suthin uv that nacher wich gave him confidence in humanity. The Judge devotid the balance uv the time he had to the most scorchin, withern, blastin rebook uv carpit-baggers and carpit-baggery I ever heerd. When he spoke with contempt uv Northern men wich come South for the purpose uv bein nominated for offices, and uv makin speeches in their own behalf, his blood curdled with indignashen.

Ez he conclooded I hollered "Ror!"

The candidate for Treasurer follered. It hed bin reported uv him that he wuz at antagonism with the colored people uv the South. Wat falsehood! Troo, he hedn't colored blood in his veins, but—

"Three sons uv yoors hev!" yelled a disgustin carpet bagger, wich much disconcerted him ez the crowd uv niggers yelled "Ror!"

The candidate for Auditor uv State asserted that he loved the colored man and believed that he wuz destined to work out its final salvation. He wuz worthy uv their confidence, for he wuz proud to say he hed colored blood in his veins, and alluz hed. He cood take a Ethopin uv African descent to his buzzum and say "brother."

The other candidates were ekally emphatic ez to ther affection of a Ethopian. One asserted that his brother wuz a mulatter, and the other remainin vowed that shood they be left disconsolit widowers four hundred time each, they wood every time marry colored ladies.

The Chairman interdoost the candidate fer Sekretary uv State. Good heavens! he wuz a nigger. The nigger shook hands with all the other candidates and made a few remarks, after wich I wuz interdoost to the awjence. Ez all uv em hed expressed ther undyin love for the nigger, I felt I must. My weakness is dramatic effect. I'm a nateral organizer uv tabloo. Seizin that nigger by the hand, I led him to the front uv the stage, and fallin onto his neck, I hed the candidates wave two conservative yunun flags over us, wich by accident happened to be confederit flags. Judge Dent, pointin at us with one hand, exclaimed:

"Democrasy and Ethiopy are hand in hand, hart to hart, 'Ror!"

It was tough fur me, but I endoored it, and the strikin picter wuz cheered vociferously by the black cusses before us.

The meeting ended with three hearty cheers for the candidates, wich wuz jined in principally by the candidates and me.

Judge Dent shood hev given me $10 and sent me north immejitty, but he didn't. He gave me $10 to treat niggers with. Cood 1 waste whisky on niggers, even to confirm the impression left on ther minds at the meetin? Never! So that even me and four other ardent Dimocrats from the North took 20 or 30 drinks too much after we hed reched wat ought to hev ben our limit, and seeing a crowd uv niggers passin, our nachral instinks riz. Ez I saw them the whisky in me biled. Forgettin my affeckshinit demonstrashen on the platform that afternoon I marched out followed by my new found friends. Hangin to a lamp-post I remarkt to em that they wuz d—d apes.

"Your 'seendid from g'rillers, yoor 'ferior race—'Ror f'r (hic) Dent, and d—n Grant—yoor not ekal to whites—yoo aint got no int'lect, and yoo

(hic) * * * 'For for Dent! Go for the d—d niggers, boys!"

"Kill the d——d niggers!" shouted one wich hed partisipated in the Noo York onpleasantnis in 1863, "kill the bloody nagurs!" and echoin his cry, we sailed in.

The Ethiopians wuz surprised. They hed seen me on the stand—they hed observed me shakin hands cordially with Dent and the other candidates, and to be termed d——d niggers, and assaulted in sich a manner wuz too much for em. We didn't vankish em, however. It took a yoonited effort of several pleecemen and sitizens to reskoo us from the infooriated wretches, and I rite these lines with my hed bandaged, one arm in a sling, and divers other contooshens. I wood leve here, but my vote is needed to pervent the carpet-baggers from triumphin more than it is in Pennsylvany, where it won't do no good anyhow.

The trouble with me is that Dimocrisy aint one and the same everywhere. Hed I did in Noo York, or Ohio, or Injeanny wat I did in Vixburg, the Dimocrisy wood hev rewarded me with a seet in the Legislater, while here it puts me out uv favor with the same party. And wat an argement in favor uv temperans, when you have to make sudden changes in business wich requires delikit touches. In the North the more likker a man hez in him the better he is fitted for Dimocrisy, for it unlooses his lower instinks. Here, alas! the nachral instink every Dimikrat hez to kill a nigger must be suppres. Wo is me! I don't bleeve I shel ever do for this seckshun.

Ef I ever doubtid the turribull effeck uv givin the nigger the ballot, I am now convinst. Instid uv runnin like sheep or standin with bowed heds to take sich blows, ez men when convivyelly inclined choose to give em, these niggers, puffed up with the idea of ekality, struck out from the shoulder jist ez ef they wuz men and had rites. And to see white men interferin in their behalf agin men uv their own race wuz too sicknin. And this, too, done by Dimocrats! Wat is the country comin to?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Wich wuz Post Master.)

VIRGINIA.

THE LEGISLATURE—RATIFICATION OF THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH AMENDMENTS.

RICHMOND, Oct. 8th.—Both Houses of the Legislature to-day ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. In the House there were only six votes against and in the Senate only four votes against the Fourteenth and two against the Fifteenth, one of the latter being a colored Republican Senator, who declined voting because he believed the Legislature was illegal. The Legislature then, by joint resolution, adjourned until October 18th.

In the House an amendment to the bill passing the Fifteenth Amendment, making it take effect on and after the admission of the State to the Union, only received five votes. In the same body a resolution was offered that in view of doubts expressed about the legality of this Legislature, it will, after admission to the Union, re-enact the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The resolution was referred.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON A COLORED MAN—ONE OF THE ASSAILANTS KILLED.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

ROBERT FRY, an intelligent and trustworthy colored man, has been employed for some time by Mr. James Brown, a butcher in Washington market, to take care of his stable in the rear of No. 262 West Twenty-second street. Yesterday morning Fry was employed by Mr. T. L. Lynch, proprietor of a restaurant on the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, to cart some articles to the foot of West Twenty-third street. On the return of Fry he called at Lynch's restaurant and received his pay. There he met John Murphy, a nephew of his employer, Phillip Farrell, and one Meaney. Murphy commenced skylarking with Fry. Farrell joined in, and finally commenced calling Fry hard names. The latter objected, and Farrell then became more insulting, and placed himself in a fighting attitude. Meaney also participated in the abuse of Fry, who wished to avoid a difficulty, and said, "Go away; I want nothing to do with you." Farrell and Meaney persisted in their abuse, and finally Fry struck Farrell in the mouth, splitting his lip and knocking him down. Farrell and Meaney then went away, after threatening to get "square" with Fry, and making other threats. Fry also went away soon after. In about an hour afterward Farrell and Meaney returned to the saloon, accompanied by Peter and Patrick Rooney and a man named Farrelly. The party demanded to know what had become of Fry, and were loud in their threats of what they would do to him. Farrell was particularly violent, and exhibited a large butcher-knife, declaring he would kill Fry on sight. On hearing that he was not in the saloon, the party started toward the stable in Twenty-second street, saying they would seek him there. In a few moments Fry passed along the street in front of the saloon, and was warned by Lynch and his bar-tender that the crowd were looking for him at his stable, and advised him not to go there. Fry said he was not afraid—that he was able to take care of himself, and kept on his way. Curious to see the result of the quarrel, Lynch soon followed down the avenue. On reaching the corner of Twenty-second street, he saw that the party had already commenced their attack on Fry, and the latter had turned on his assailants. Peter Rooney had jumped behind a tree, and the others had fallen back. They apparently commenced a concentrated attack on Fry with the knife, a hatchet, and a pistol, and he finding himself being overpowered presented a revolver. On seeing this the ruffians shrunk back. It is said by some of the bystanders that Farrell had given the pistol to Peter Rooney, and that the latter had attempted to fire at Fry. As Lynch came upon the scene Fry was in the act of firing at Peter Rooney, and he fell backward, the bullet having entered his breast in the region of the heart. Immediately after shooting Fry wheeled around, and seeing Patrick Rooney standing behind him, aimed the pistol at him, but apparently changing his mind, Fry knocked him down, and then started toward Eighth avenue. Farrelly interposed and attempted to seize Fry, and was in turn knocked down. Fry then turned and ran toward Seventh avenue followed by an excited crowd. On reaching Seventh avenue, he ran up to Twenty-fourth street, and was there met by officer Cornelius Reid of the Twenth-ninth Precinct, and taken into custody. He offered no resistance whatever, and gave the officer his pistol. He declared he had acted entirely in self-defense. He was taken to the East Twenty-ninth street Station House, and locked up to await the action of the Coroner. Immediately on seeing Rooney fall Mr. Lynch ran to him and partially raised him. He was then unconscious, and died in a very few minutes. Beside him lay the pistol which had fallen from his grasp. Farrell and Patrick Rooney were arrested and locked up in the West Twentieth street Police Station. The body of the deceased was also borne there. At the time of the arrest Farrell had in his possession the butcher-knife referred to and a large clasp-knife, and Patrick Rooney a father's small hatchet belonging to his dead brother. It is said that he was on his way to his place of work when met by Farrell, and asked to accompany him. All the party are well known to the police as rough characters. For some reason Fry was obnoxious to them, and some of the party have on more than one occasion threatened to whip him. Among the more respectable of the witnesses the feeling is decidedly in favor of Fry, as it is now believed that he acted in self-defense, and was justified in what he did. In the neighborhood, "Bob" as he is termed by his acquaintances, is well known and respected. He was not of a quarrelsome disposition, and attended to his duties in a quiet and unobtrusive manner. The deceased bore the character among the police of being a rough and unruly man, who was often arrested for assault and battery and kindred offenses. Only a few days ago he was brought before the magistrate at Jefferson Market Police Court and held to bail. He was 24 years of age, and resided at No. 258 Seventh avenue. Coroner Rollins will hold an inquest to-day.

The case was so clear against the assaulting party that the Coroner's jury without hesitation rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Instead of setting Fry at liberty, and protecting him in his rights as a peaceable citizen the Coroner committed him to the Tombs to save him from the vengeance of his would-be murderers—thus surrendering to the rule of the mob.

The N. Y. *Times* makes the following comment:

"The case of the negro Fry, who shot one of a party of young roughs who were seeking his life, has been made the occasion of fastening another disgrace upon the City. The jury, after hearing all the testimony, unhesitatingly rendered a verdict that the homicide was justifiable, as Fry had acted strictly in self-defence. It was then the duty of the Coroner to discharge the negro unconditionally, or release him upon nominal bail, but instead of doing so he committed him to the Tombs. The excuse for this outrage, that it was necessary in order to save the negro from the vengeance of the friends of the deceased, is worse than the outrage itself. If the Coroner had any reason to apprehend that there was the least danger that the negro would encounter danger or molestation, it was his duty to protect him at all hazards, and by some other process than that adopted. If men, exculpated by the law acting through its authorized and regular forms, are thrust into prison at the bidding of a mob, then is the mob master of the law. We find some recompense for this disgrace in the hope that the people will not long permit Tammany to hold the power thus prostituted."

ANARCHY IN TEXAS.

AN ARMED MOB BREAKS UP THE COURT—THE SHERIFF AND COUNTY CLERK FLY FOR THEIR LIVES—HAMILTON'S PROPHECY, "AN UNHEALTHY YEAR FOR CARPET-BAGGERS" BEING FULFILLED—A FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL BROKEN UP.

Special correspondence of the Houston Union.

WHARTON, September 5th, 1869.

EDITORS UNION:—As there has been quite an exciting time here for the last two weeks, I propose to give your readers the particulars, that the world may judge for itself, who and what were the causes that originated this trouble among our people, and the following letters and answers will give the reader a better understanding as to who is to blame, etc.

MERCER'S PLACE, June 15th, 1869.

Sheriff Wharton County—Sir:

Necessity forces me to write you a few lines, to ask you for your assistance in regard to the school in this settlement. I came down here near a month ago, and stopped to take up a colored school. Having had a colored school in Colorado, and having once in time fought in the Federal army, besides not being ashamed in proclaiming my Union principles, I encounter a good many obstacles from the rebs of the settlement, and some few negroes, in regard to my school. Threats have been made to kill or drive me out of the country for no other reason than being a Union man. These rebs about here, and their black instruments, are too cowardly to carry their threats into execution in an open manner, but stay about the store a half mile off and hire some out west cow-driving posse, passing by, to come and do what they are afraid to do. Besides, the owners of the plantations in this vicinity are scaring some few who would send their children to school by telling them that they are going to run them off their land if they send their children to that d—d Yankee.

Now, sir, I ask you for your protection in behalf of the school and at the same time for your advice, in case they should make an attack on me. I wish, sir, you would give the bearer of this an order, to be posted up at the store, which is the rendezvous of the clique. This order would make the rebs keep their places, and also remove the fears of those chicken-hearted freedmen who would contest for their rights but are overpowered by these rebs. I forgot to state that an attack had already been made. Yours respectfully,

[Signed.] LOUIS E. BEAUMONT.

SHERIFF'S REPLY.

WHARTON, June 15th, 1869.

Mr. Beaumont—Dear Sir:—Your note I have just received, and in reply thereto advise you to carry on your school as quietly as possible, and in the meantime I shall render all the assistance in my power to protect you in the discharge of your school duties, also, my influence to enlarge your school, that it may be profitable to yourself, and advantageous to the ignorant colored people among whom our lot is cast. Hoping you will be more successful in the future, I remain, your obedient servant, ISAAC N. BAUGHMAN, Sheriff Wharton Co.

MERCER PLACE, July 28th, 1869.

Sheriff Wharton County—Sir:—Again I am compelled to make you acquainted with affairs up here in regard to my school.

Sir, it is impossible to continue longer without something definite comes from you to make these rebs cease their threats to run me out or put me to a limb. Mr. Sheriff, it is no pleasant situation for me, I assure you, and unless something is done to check these men in their mad career, I fear the consequences.

I think that after fighting four long years for the government of the United States, in putting down the late unrighteous rebellion, it is as little as could be expected of its officers now to lend a helping hand to its defenders in an equally noble cause, like the one I am at present engaged in. Now, sir, I ask, has it come to this, that these very same men who failed to meet me on many bloody battle-fields and reap their just deserts, are now permitted, in defiance of all law, to cowardly wreak their vengeance upon me, an almost friendless, moneyless, discharged United States soldier? I know in many parts of this State civil officers are expected to render but little protection to what are termed carpet-baggers, from outside influence and fear of secret organizations, such as the Ku-Klux-Klan, etc., but in such cases they should ask the cooperation of the military, to enable them to secure protection to the defenceless.

I hope by this time officers have been appointed by Gen. Reynolds for this county, so that these rioters may be dealt with as they justly deserve. As soon as a Justice of the Peace is appointed here, the necessary warrants issued for the guilty parties and arrest them, and even if no punishment is inflicted it will cause others to be more cautious hereafter. Send word by the bearer if you can do anything, and when you will be up. Very repectfully, LOUIS E. BEAUMONT.

SHERIFF'S REPLY.

Mr. Beaumont:—In reply to your note of to-day, I will state that we have been unable to get any appointments made for this county, and the reason just this: Lieut Snow, of Columbus, has been assigned the duty of reorganizing this county, and it seems he is not disposed to put law-abiding citizens in office, but, on the contrary, recommends those who would most likely be an impediment to reconstruction and cannot and will not take the oath of office. If I could do any good by coming up, I would certainly do so. Never abandon your school to appease the wrath of any mob. The law gives you the privilege of teaching a colored school, and if you are attacked by those law-breakers, defend yourself with the bravery as you did your country in the late rebellion. So bear these persecutions a little longer, a brighter day is dawning upon us. As Vice-President Colfax said in a public speech, made in Detroit last year, the time is hastening when these men so cowardly, so base, so contemptible, who, having failed to wreak their vengeance upon the country, are now seeking to wreak it upon unoffending and defenceless Union men around them, white and black, will recoil in their cowardice, will go back to their dens, muffle their mouths, and if they ever dare raise their finger against the weakest of our people, the strong arm of Grant will punish them for their insolence. I sympathize with you in your persecutions, for I happen to be one of these carpet-baggers myself, and not being ashamed or afraid to acknowledge the fact, encounter many unpleasantries. If you have to leave your school up there, come down here to town, and I will assist you to get up another. If any more trouble occurs, let me know. Your obedient servant,

J. N. BAUGHMAN, Sheriff W. C.

WHARTON, July 28th.

This state of affairs existed up to August 18th, when one Wm. Mercer, a non-resident of this county, assisted by two other men, succeeded in breaking up the school and running off the teacher, who immediately came to town, laid his case before the Sheriff, and was advised by him to return home and again take up his school, there being no officer in the county to issue a process for the arrest of the offenders. With much persuasion, this man returned home, but instead of doing as was advised, concluded to go, in company with some negroes, to see Mercer, who was still in the neighborhood, and, if possible, pacify him, that his school might progress without further disturbance. They met Mercer and one White, in White's field, and a difficulty was had, in which Mercer was shot in the back with squirrel shot by, it is supposed, the school teacher, though not seriously hurt. On Monday, the 23d, all parties gave themselves up to the Sheriff and demanded an examination. The Sheriff sent a f. m. c. to summons all the witnesses, who started and shortly returned, reported that armed persons were on the road and defied the civil authorities, and the Sheriff immediately summoned several white men and f. m. c. whom he had confidence in to go and assist him to disperse the armed party, but before he was ready to go, he learned from a reliable source that it was a false report. There was more or less excitement on the part of both white and black for several days, consequently the trial was postponed until the 27th. On that day armed white persons were seen coming into town and remained grouped about in places, saying they were going to see that Mercer got justice, and if not, they would give it themselves. These men continued to come until 42 had arrived from the country besides those in town, and several were heard to say: "We'll give the d——d Radicals hell to-day. We'll show them which side their bread is buttered," etc. The Sheriff, who is a Radical, and knowing the animosity against him by these disloyal persons, and thinking his court would be bully-ragged and resistance offered thereto, concluded to prepare for the emergency by summoning every able-bodied white man whom he could depend upon, together with a portion of the most reliable freedmen, to assist him to keep the peace and prevent resistance to the court, that justice might be had to all parties. It was with great difficulty that the white citizens were prevented from pitching into the freedmen without any cause whatever, only because they obeyed the lawful summons of the Sheriff in coming to town. That day passed off without any row and the court fined Mercer $50 and costs for breaking up the school and committing an assault upon the teacher. The trial of the other parties was continued until Monday, the 30th, and up to that time neither the Sheriff nor any one of the court anticipated the least trouble whatever, and by ten o'clock large bodies of men were already in town and still they came from all directions with implements of war, with evident signs of a serious conflict over something that day. At last the Sheriff went to, and tried to disperse them, but they refused, and failed to go out of town. He then notified them that he should never hold court with such an armed and excited people in town, for it was not safe to do so. The people then offered their protection to his court, but he told them no. On other and previous occasions their service were needed and requested, which he was denied; and now he was afraid to trust them this time, consequently the court adjourned.

The Sheriff tried to prevent the sale of whiskey on that day, but the excited crowd swore they would take it anyway, and did get it by force or intimidation. By 11 o'clock the people began to arrive in town from other counties, among them was a Col. Perkins of the rebel army, with about fifty men from Brazoria County, who put me in mind of old reb times to see these very men up in arms again defying the laws that be. As soon as I saw Col. Perkins, I went to him to correct a false report in regard to the Sheriff sending for negroes to fight him and his men. He remarked to me in a sneering manner, that he cared nothing about it; he could whip a thousand negroes, and it made his heart leap with joy when he heard it, for it seemed to him that we (the Radicals), belonged to a party who wished to put bob tailed ignorant orang-outangs in power and office, over sensible human beings. Pretty soon his men formed in line on horseback, give three cheers for Tom Taylor, three for Perkins, and called for three for Col. J. P. Dennis, but they were not given on account of his having made himself officious and instrumental in preventing bloodshed that day, for which they said they had come. The Radicals were abused and cursed, called all sorts of names which decency forbids mentioning, simply because we were not rebels as they were, and were in favor of giving the colored people their rights. Our lives then were threatened, and in consequence thereof, made our escape that night to the woods, where we laid out all night. Next morning I returned home, and the Sheriff and County Clerk had just went to Columbus where there was military protection.

That day some men who never smelt gunpowder during the war, came into town swearing they would break up the radical nest, began to beat a colored man over the head with six-shooters, and laid him down on the ground and applied the lash as in slavery times without the least provocation, only that he was a loyal leaguer. At that time the County Commissioner appeared, and ordered them to desist, when one of the party out with a knife and drove him away. After they had finished their cowardly and disgraceful crime, they asked for me that they might finish it up while they were at it, or kill me, and immediately mounted and came directly to my house armed, asked for me, and was told by my wife that I was sick, which they seemed to disbelieve, and made her repeat it several times. They then consulted in a low tone a short time at the door, told my wife they should wait for me out there, and moved off slowly and then started back, as I thought when I leaped out of bed, snatched up a portion of my clothes and made my escape to the woods, where I remained for several days until the arrival of Major Wikoff, U. S. A., from Columbus with twenty blue-coats. * * * Very truly,

GRAY FRANKS.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

SUMNER—CUDA.

WE entirely agree with Mr. Sumner in his view of Cuban affairs. Sorry to differ with our colaborers, whose pure zeal and clear vision we unfeignedly respect,—we still, on mature consideration hold Mr. Sumner's position the true one for reformers as well as statesmen. This judgment grows not out of any bigoted attachment to what are called the rules of International Law. That Code we consider a medley of convenient rules for the peace and perpetuation of Despotism. One-half of it is a legacy from Barbarism; the other is a spider's cunning web, woven by aristocracy to defend itself against the people. The sooner the whole system is remodelled to suit the ethics and the admitted rights of our day the better. 'Twas a great mistake to allow the Cretan revolt to pass by without seizing the chance to repeal some of the most cruel and offensive of our International rules and enact Justice and Humanity in their place. We would recognize it as the the first of International duties to look into the essence and justice of an issue when a whole race like the Greek, a whole island like Crete, a whole nation like Poland, or half of any people, rise against foreigners or oppressors. The lookers-on should be allowed immediately to help the just cause. We trust that the United States now charged, with one or two other nations, to lead the civilized world, will recognize and act on that principle. On this and kindred principles we have no difference with our co-laborers who have criticised Mr. Sumner.

How then about Cuba? How far does this rule apply to her? Cuba is neither a race nor a Nation, nor an Island, rising against foreigners or oppressors. One portion of the Cubans revolt against another portion, endeavoring to break the connection with Spain. Whether this insurgent section is one-half, or even one-quarter, of the whole population we have no trustworthy information. Of course a thousand, or even a hundred, men have the right to vindicate their natural rights by force if they see fit. But the duty of surrounding Nations toward a thousand insurgents and toward one-half of a Nation,—toward a riot, an insurrection, or a revolution—is wholly different. In either case we may give our sympathy, and if they are in the right, and willing to grant others the rights they claim, we are bound to let them and the world know that we sympathize with them. But the probabilities of the success of the rising, regard to the welfare of our own people and to the peace of the world are always grave elements in the problem of whether we shall draw the sword for those outside of our law. How large a portion of the Cubans are identified with the revolt? Its progress thus far does not give us any sure means of deciding.

Who are the insurgents that claim our sympathy? Are they men like the Cretans who have never forged a chain and never submitted to one; whose history is one unbroken series of risings to claim their rights, or is this the first or among their first efforts? When before this they have drawn the sword, have they, at the same time, loosed the fetter? The Cubans have always been unhesitating slave-holders. The Island has hardly ever uttered a protest against Spanish dominion. Their few and fitful risings have never even looked toward emancipation of the slave. Like Poland, their one or two movements have been struggles of an aristocracy to clutch more power and, to borrow Macaulay's figure, they never proposed in transferring the cup of Despotism from the Peninsula to the West Indies, to spill one drop of its bitterness by the way.

These considerations do not, of course, impeach the gallantry or the honest love of impartial liberty of the present patriots. But they do constitute very strong reasons why the world has a right to wait and criticise the nature and purpose of their movement very deliberately. We Americans have had bitter proof how hollow a slaveholder's professions of design to recognize other men's rights may be. Look then at the case. An Island that hardly ever rose in revolt before—a population which never hitherto has breathed one anti-slavery breath, all at once rises in arms and, before the revolt can be said to have shape or residence, while the air is full of contradictory assertion as to its character, it asks us to risk war by acknowledging its belligerence. If the world waits for indubitable evidence—overwhelming evidence,—before it acts, the Cubans have only their own past to blame. They have their *character* yet to earn. A century of revolt had settled that of Crete. We unhesitatingly say that every Nation, even ours, has the right and is bound to pause till the sky clears. If, at last, a fair proportion of the Cuban population desire independence, if, *beyond question*, that part of the people, not merely a few leaders, is willing to accord to others the rights it claims, then the United States, as the great republican leader of this Continent, are bound to help them. How? By acknowledging belligerence? We cannot tell. Enough for us outsiders to decide that we are bound to help them. Men, in possession of official information, thoroughly cognizant of the relations between our Government and that of Spain, are alone competent to tell how they can be best helped. We have no doubt that the leaders at Madrid are sincerely desirous to be relieved of Cuba. To think otherwise is to make them idiots. How shall they be best helped toward that result? The Government can tell better than we. And when in such circumstances men, like Mr. Sumner who have led, almost without mistake, the political reformers of this Nation, advise a course of action, we construe it not as the surrender of principle—(there is no principle in the case, it is a question of policy, of time and manner—) but as indication that circumstances within their knowledge convince them that the wisest course, for the interest of Cuba itself, is the one they advocate. Even without this official intimacy with the private relations of the two Governments, we can see abundant reason for supposing that the course pursued at Washington may be the best for Cuba. But if we could not, we should wait for the developments of coming years before concluding that a Statesman, like the Massachusetts Senator, whose voice has never been wanting in behalf of struggling Nationalities was mistaken in this case; much more inspired by any motives but the heartiest love for liberty and the sincerest sympathy with an *Anti-Slavery* Cuba—we have not one-tenth part as much evidence that the Cuban patriots intend to emancipate their slaves, as we have that Sumner will always help an honest Anti-Slavery movement. Until we see the archives at Washington and find them other than we guess, we shall rely on Mr. Sumner's judgment as to the best method in preference to that of those, like ourselves, charged with no responsibility and furnished with no special information. Mr. Sumner may be mistaken. The result may be different from what he works for and wishes. But judging from all we know now, with *sufficient certainty* to justify National action, we should act in his place precisely as he has done.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

PREPARE TO GIVE THANKS.

THE President proclaims Thursday, the 18th of November, as a "day of thanksgiving, praise, and prayer to Almighty God, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe." In a retrospective view of the year he says "peace has prevailed, and its blessings have advanced the interests of the people in every party of the Union; harmony and fraternal intercourse are obliterating the marks of the past conflict and estrangement; * * and civil and religious liberty is secured to every inhabitant of the land whose soil is trod by none but freemen." There must be a mistake somewhere. If what the President's proclamation affirms is true a large part of what has filled the columns of THE STANDARD during the past year must have been false. It is true the President invoked "peace" many months ago. But has his saying "Let us have peace," really brought peace? Our impression is that the blessings of such a peace as many of the loyal people of the South have been and still are enjoying they will not care to pray to have continued. It is not a month since a citizen of Texas, guiltless of any offence save that of being a preacher and a colored man, was shot dead in his pulpit while proclaiming the gospel to his congregation. Nor is his case one of exceptional individual violence. Murder and outlawry, as the President himself can scarcely fail to know, characterize many portions of the South. A distinguished citizen and long-time resident of Texas, writing to us of the condition of affairs in that State, says:

"The assumption that upon the announcement of Grant's election, murders and outrages upon Unionists ceased in Texas is an unwarranted assumption. This sort of talk had its origin with *office seekers, pardon and disability brokers, rebels and flunkies*, who expected by this kind of flattery to win their way to the favor of the incoming President. Well informed men ought to know better. *They do know better.* There is in fact no change whatever in the feelings and purposes of the Southern people. Their leaders have been trying to prevail upon them to forego the luxury of killing negroes and carpet-baggers until after we shall have crept into the Union through the back door. It is at the same time clearly intimated that their malice can then have full scope without the fear of courts or military commissions. This is the naked truth, and he who makes a contrary statement does so in some other interest than that of truth. The apparent abatement of murders during the past six months arises from the fact that papers in the interest of the rebels and the coalition will not publish them when committed right under their eyes."

Lately a few rebel post-masters and custom house officers have been removed, but the condition of affairs among the people especially of the rural districts is anything but that of peace in any true sense. We have it on the authority of a responsible editor of a Texas Republican journal that even the President's own military subordinates have deemed it necessary in journeying from one portion of the State to another to take off their military uniforms and travel in citizens' dress for greater safety! Such is the "harmony and fraternal intercourse" between the North and South that Northern emigrants can only go South and settle, outside the cities, with personal safety, if Republicans, either by padlocking their lips and "minding their own business" in the old-fashioned way, or going in colonies as in the days of Border-ruffianism in Kansas. Nor can the colored people of the nation, especially in the Northern and Border States, pray for the continuance of the questionable "blessing" which puts them politically under the feet of the whites, and subjects them to unceasing proscription, and indignities innumerable.

We do not object to calling upon people to assemble in their accustomed places of public worship, and upon those who do not ordinarily go to meeting, "to unite in the homage and praise due to the bountiful Father of all mercy." Nor are we unmindful that there is much to be grateful for. But more acceptable we think than vain repetitions of formal prayer, and an empty routine of lip-service, will it be for President and people to do the duty which lies nearest them to secure those conditions of real freedom and harmony, which at present exist only in the ideal phraseology of the official proclamation. Especially would we have the President, while contemplating the mercy of the bountiful Father, remember, that, though God is in a general sense a care-taker of his children everywhere, there are special and particular duties devolving upon the official head of the nation, already too long neglected, and which now rest with him to perform, to the end that the chronic Southern warfare may be terminated, and the lives and prosperity of the loyal citizens be secured. Accepted literally, his proclamation is too ideal to be truthful, too much of an opiate and a soporific for an already drowsy popular ministry. Too long have we been treated to mockery in the name of religion, while humanity suffers. If clergymen are expected to assume that our "soil is trod by none but freemen," and therefore to omit a plea for the as yet only nominally free blacks, that an abiding peace has already been achieved, and therefore no need to cry aloud for justice, that harmony and fraternal relations actually prevail, and hence no necessity for urging that the fratricidal hand of the murderer for opinion's sake, be stayed, it were better that they did not respond to the call nor enter their pulpits. Of such hypocrisy in the name of religion we have in years gone by had a surfeit from the pulpits of America. Let there be ample preparation for a true thanksgiving by repentance] of the overshadowing national sin of Caste and race hatred, and by doing the works meet for repentance.

OUR own views of the Cuban struggle and its relation to slavery we have hitherto stated. As to the recognition of the Cuban Republic Mr. Phillips, with Mr. Sumner, it will be seen, demands additional proof of a fixed anti-slavery purpose on the part of the Cuban Republicans. That their forces include a considerable number of fillibustering Confederates from the Southern States has a suspicious look. Nor do we presume the mass of Cuban insurgents to be more conscientious in their opposition to slavery than the large body of Democrats and Republicans of this country who reluctantly acquiesced in emancipation as a military necessity. But Cespedes and his most influential coadjutors, if we are correctly advised, began the struggle for Cuban Independence by first emancipating their own slaves, and with a view, as one of the results of the revolution, of abolishing slavery throughout Cuba. After experimenting with a plan of gradual emancipation they issued a decree of absolute freedom for all. This is the basis upon which, according to Mr. Lemus, their accredited representative in this country, the Cuban Republicans are now carrying forward their contest. Mr. Lemus twenty years ago, we understand, emancipated his own slaves, and has since been a steadfast opponent of slavery. If his representation of the action and purpose of his associates is not correct, if Mr. Sumner or any one has definite knowledge of counter evidence, in the State Department or elsewhere, is it not due to the public, especially to the anti-slavery public, that it should be at once brought to the light?

SENATOR WILSON, as a political manager, has had many attacks of spinal weakness, not unlike those which so often afflict and interfere with the usefulness of the Editor of the *N. Y. Tribune.* According to the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, Mr. Wilson is just now having a poor turn. The loyal people of Texas are making a strong effort to gain and maintain, as they ought, the political control of that State. Left to themselves amidst much suffering from the persecution of rebels, until recently, the President now tardily comes to their relief by substituting, in some localities, loyal for disloyal officials. The apostate Hamilton, and other renegade Republicans, with the rebels, of course raise an outcry. With characteristic, old-time Whig timidity, Messrs. Wilson and Greeley endeavor to dissuade the President from doing even so much to uphold the Radicals, and to defeat the Texas Rebel-Democracy. *The Herald* correspondent, writing from Washington the 11th instant, says:

"It turns out that the main object of the late visit of Senator Wilson here was to see the President and get him to stop the slaughter of the Hamilton men in Texas and the Dent men in Mississippi. Mr. Wilson's argument was that the turning out of the friends of the opposition candidates would only make capital for them and produce a reaction in their favor. Ben Butler, who came close upon the heels of Wilson, heard of his operations, and set about to upset what he had done. He told the President the only way was to make the conservatives feel that the administration was against them; this would strengthen the radicals and make them fight more vigorously. There was nothing to be gained by compromising. General W. S. Clarke, of Texas, at whose instance most of the charges have been made in that State, follows upon the argument of Butler as against Wilson. Clarke is well-known to Grant, having served with him in the army, and the indications are that he will take the advice of Butler and Clarke rather than that of Wilson. The letter of Gen. Reynolds to the President has had its effect, and there is reason to believe that he will keep on turning out Hamilton men and putting radicals in their places."

WE print from Mrs. Child a comment on Mr. Linton's letter to Mr. Sumner. Believing Mr. Sumner's Worcester speech inadequate as related the Cuban question, we nevertheless deprecated ourselves the unfriendly and unduly personal spirit and tone of Mr. Linton's criticism.

A year ago we had somewhat of the hope Mrs. Child expresses of the so-called Liberal Government of Spain in relation to the abolition of slavery in the Spanish Colonies. We have very little now. So far as we know the represent atives of that Government have neither taken any practical steps towards emancipation, nor shown any disposition to do so. The French and English Societies for the abolition of slavery, we are glad to see, by a London telegram of the 8th inst., have sent an address to Marshal Serrano, the Regent of Spain, on the subject of slavery. They ask him to use all his efforts to abolish slavery in Cuba, and refer him to his own speech, wherein he said that "slavery only exists in the civilized world as a Spanish institution."

We observe by the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, of October 1st, that M. Cochin, the distinguished author of "*l'Histoire de l'Esclavage*," also one of the Honorary Secretaries of the French Abolition Society, has issued a pamphlet, entitled *L'Espagne et l'Esclavage dans l'isles de Cuba et de Port Rico*, which is "an uncompromising protest against the course of Spain in relation to the abolition of Slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico, '*a hundred times promised, and a hundred times eluded.*' He shows that *the obstacles to emancipation do not exist at Havana but in Madrid*, and how utterly barren of practical results was the work of the Royal Commission of 1865-67, of which he also furnishes a very brief summary, bringing out the extraordinary fact that the report was first published in New York, extra-officially, its issue in the Spanish capital having been interdicted. The author then shows what the shortcomings of the Spanish Statesmen of the Revolution of September, 1868, have been, *not one having had the moral courage to take an actual step in the direction of emancipation;* and how, by neglecting to introduce the reforms so long promised and expected by the Colonists, the government aggravated the discontent in the island of Cuba into open insurrection."

There are doubtless some genuine opponents of slavery among the Republicans of Spain. They are evidently not represented in the present mongrel and unstable Spanish Government. The only effective, working opponents of Spanish slavery we at present know of are among the Cuban Republicans, who, according to their accredited representative here, decree absolute freedom to all as the basis of their struggle. In so far as they are true to that decree we give them our hearty sympathy in their contest for freedom, the only pathway to abiding peace.

THE Republican ticket in this State does not stay fixed. There have been several declinations since the Syracuse Convention. The latest announcement is the nomination of Gen. Sigel in place of Geo. Wm. Curtis for Secretary of State. Horace Greeley has been nominated for the office of comptroller and has accepted the nomination. It is seldom that so plain a confession of anticipated defeat is made by party managers in advance of an election. It is an office Mr. Greeley does not want and probably has no expectation of being called upon to fill. Having declined a proffered United States Senatorship from Virginia, his acceptance of the nomination for a comparatively insignificant State office is equivalent to proclaiming in advance an easy victory for the Rebel-Democracy in November. Our chief regret is that the triumph of that party will involve the defeat of the suffrage clause of the revised Constitution providing for the abolition of the "property qualification" for colored voters.

A MORE pliant and submissive servant the Slave Power never had than Franklin Pierce who died last week. If there had been no Buchanan and no Andrew Johnson as successors, his Presidential career, infamous in its time, might not have been as soon so far forgotten. Under his Administration the slaveholders increased in arrogance and lordly assumption, and ripened rapidly for the final culmination in bloody rebellion. A New Englander by birth, he belonged rather to the Slaveholding aristocracy, though we doubt not they despised him while willing to accept his services

THE indications are to-day (Wednesday) that the elections held on Tuesday, in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Iowa, resulted in each State in a Republican victory. Geary is undoubtedly reelected in Pennsylvania and Hays in Ohio, but the returns, as we write, are too incomplete to determine definitely the complexion of the Ohio Legislature. We incline to the opinion that it will prove to be Republican, and thus render strongly probable the early ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

MR. LINTON'S LETTER TO MR. SUMNER.

I READ with surprise and indignation the letter to the Hon. Charles Sumner, in THE STANDARD of October 2d. To accuse *him* of "the cant of an ex-abolitionist's tender conscience!" If there ever was a man on God's earth free from *cant*, Charles Sumner is that man. To accuse *him* of "maundering about the Alabama!" A man who has always been so honest, bold, and straightforward in his utterance. *He*, of all men, to be exhorted to "do justice for the sake of justice, and not for policy or greed!" He, to whom justice has been the guiding polar star, forever visible and unclouded above the wide horizon of his moral vision! To teach *him* that "the science of politics is something distinct from the charlatanry of diplomatists!" A man so eminently conspicuous for always taking the ground that a thing is expedient *because* it is right!

It is simply abominable to name the selfish and corrupt Daniel Webster in comparison with the incorruptible Charles Sumner, whom no bribe or threats could ever tempt to swerve from his own high standard of right; who, instead of acting from selfish policy, has made himself a "black sheep" in his political party, by always standing out resolutely for the right, in frequent opposition to their narrow views of expediency.

The rude and insulting tone of Mr. Linton's letter has the sound of personal enmity. When a friend of freedom differs from such a faithful and efficient advocate of freedom as Mr. Sumner is, it seems to me that something more than the common rules of courtesy requires that the difference of opinion should be expressed in a friendly and courteous manner. The sneering insinuation that Mr. Sumner's public course is influenced by fear of what "his old monarchical acquaintance, the politicians and publicists of Europe" may say, is worthy of the most malignant copperhead editor in the land. The Democratic and the Southern newspapers have indulged in frequent slurs upon Mr. Sumner on account of the friendship existing between him and some of the nobility of England; and to me the taunt has always had a mean and envious sound. Methinks that Mr. Sumner's Speech concerning the Alabama Claims has no appearance of courting the ruling classes of England. When our half-murdered Senator went abroad to seek a cure for the injury done to him by brutal despots in his own country, his friendship was sought by Lord Morpeth, the Duke of Argyle, and other men of conspicuous station, because they themselves were liberals in politics, and were naturally attracted toward a man who had always used his distinguished abilities in support of justice and freedom. A nobleman by birth *may* be a nobleman by nature; and as such may be drawn by natural affinity toward true nobleness in a republican; and such in fact were the distinguished characters who fraternized with Charles Sumner.

At my age, I am little inclined to hero-worship. But when I have watched the course of a man for years, and found him constantly true to the convictions of his own conscience, and that conscience a very enlightened one, I deem it a duty to trust him. During more than eighteen years that Mr. Sumner has been in the Senate, he has been uniformly and unflinchingly true to principles of justice and humanity. He has not only passed through a bloody martyrdom at the violent hands of the Southern oligarchy, but he has calmly endured the protracted martyrdom of unpopularity with the leaders of his own party, who have always complained of him as unmanageable and impracticable, because he would never consent to "put the cart before the horse" morally; in other words, he could never be induced to place expediency before right. Such a man I trust; and should his course at any time seem to me dubious, I should consider it no more than simple justice to pause before I condemned him, or even doubted him; for I should take it for granted, until otherwise proved, that his proceedings were based on good reasons unknown to me.

When Dayton and Sayers were imprisoned in Washington, for aiding fugitive slaves, the Anti-Slavery press abused Mr. Sumner, without mercy, for not coming out in the Senate with a speech in their defence. I continually reminded my friends that they ought to trust him, on account of the tra

have some regard to consistency. And with what face can we complain that England wronged us in hastening to recognize the Southern Confederacy, if we hasten to recognize the independence of Cuba? Especially, when the present government in Spain, instead of hindering emancipation in its Colonies, are openly in favor of it?

L. MARIA CHILD.

PERSONAL.

Rev. W. H. Channing, the nephew and biographer of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing, will deliver a course of twelve lectures on "The Progress of civilization," on the foundation of the Lowell Institute, in Boston, commencing on the 19th inst.

"We have now," says the *North-German Correspondence*, "a lady doctor in Berlin. Mrs. Hirschfeldt, who was born in Holstein, and left Germany in 1867 to study in America, has lately returned with a diploma from the Dentist College in Philadelphia, and has obtained permission to practise as a dentist in the Prussian capital."

The N. Y. *Evening Commonwealth* of the 5th instant says:

"Mr. Henry W. Raymond, son of the late editor of the *Times*, takes his place to-day as a reporter on the paper with which his father's name was so long and so honorably associated. Mr. Raymond is a young man of great promise, and will soon make his mark."

A Boston correspondent sends us the following:

"The friends of Industrial Education in the South, propose establishing a number of schools there, the conduct whereof it is proposed to assign to 'Mother Bickerdyke.' This distinguished lady has shown in other and kindred fields, an executive ability almost unparalleled, united with good common sense, and a high moral purpose, and no more valuable assistant in this work could be found."

When Victor Hugo finished his great speech at the Peace Congress of Lausanne, he was met by an old Frenchman who begged the permission to embrace him. "Why should I allow you to do so, Monsieur?" asked the exile of Guernsey, rather haughtily. "Monsieur Hugo," replied the old man, "I was transported to Cayenne, in 1852, for having sold a few copies of your '*Napoleon le Petit.*'" Victor Hugo immediately opened his arms to him, embraced him, and then presented him with a thousand franc note.

The Independent says: "Sojourner Truth, while in attendance at the last Friday-night prayer-meeting of Mr Beecher's church, was invited by the pastor to make some remarks to the congregation; whereupon she rose and spoke for about half an hour in a vein of mingled sense, pathos, and wit by which all who heard her were both profited and pleased. The recital of her religious experiences was a treat much above the common confessions of prayer-meeting speeches. Her unique discourse will not be forgotten by those who heard it."

Anna E. Dickinson will give the opening lecture of Mr. T. B. Pugh's celebrated "Star Course" in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening next, the 20th inst. Her subject will be "Whited Sepulchres,"—having reference to her visit during the summer among the Mormons. The course which Miss Dickinson will auspiciously introduce, will include Senator Sumner, on "The Question of Caste," Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, Nasby, and other distinguished lecturers. It will undoubtedly be a great success.

The Liberal Christian says:

"Rev. Charles G. Ames lectures on Sunday evenings in Mercantile Hall, San Francisco. The *Chronicle*, of that city, gives a full account of one of his recent lectures to an audience of three or four hundred, on the question whether the world is growing better or worse. It is needless to add that Mr. Ames took a cheering aspect of things, and quite overcame his auditors with the facts which he poured out like sunbeams to prove that the world is improving, and man is emerging from his babyhood into boyhood, and rising up here and there in illustrious instances into manhood. Some of his illustrations were very telling, and at the close of the lecture he announced as the subject for the next Sunday evening, Will the Coming Man have a Religion? Most of our readers will regret that they cannot hear Mr. Ames' lecture on this theme."

The following card from Mrs. Stowe appears in the Hartford *Courant*:

"Mrs. Stowe desires the friends of justice and fair dealing to publish for her this announcement. That she has kept silence heretofore in regard to the criticism on her article on Lady Byron for two reasons: First, because she regarded the public mind as in too excited a state to consider the matter dispassionately; and, second, because she has expected the developments of additional proofs in England, some of which, of great importance, have already come to hand. Mrs. Stowe is preparing a review of the whole matter, with further facts and more documents, including several letters of Lady Byron to her, attesting the vigor and soundness of her mind at the period referred to, and also Mrs. Stowe's own letters to Lady Byron at the same time, which were returned to her by the executors soon after that lady's death. She will also give the public a full account of the circumstances and reasons which led her to feel it to be her duty to make this disclosure as an obligation alike of justice, gratitude, and personal friendship."

We desire to call special attention to a concert which is to be given at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, October 16th, for the benefit of the mother and son of the late Prof. Chas. Van Oeckelen, by whose death they are left utterly destitute.

Mr. Steinway has generously tendered the use of his large Hall, and several eminent artists will contribute their services; among them are Mad. Varian Hoffman, Mr. Posnanzky (violinist), Mr. Mills (pianist), Mr. Morgan (organist), Mr. Simpson, (tenor), Mr. Buitrago and some distinguished lady amateurs. Mr. Theodore Thomas will probably be the leader, and it is hoped that some of Prof. Van Oeckelin's classical compositions wil be executed, and that at this or some future concert, the public will hear the "Hymn of Spanish Independence," which he composed last year. The concert is expected to be a worthy commemoration of so eminent an artist, and as he was so well known as teacher and composer among Americans as well as foreigners—especially Spaniards and Cubans—a large and brilliant audience is anticipated.

Cassell's Magazine in a recent article alludes as follows to Mrs. Child:

"Mrs. Lydia Maria Child is another authoress who has long been known in America for the fertility of her pen and the large benevolence of her character. As early as 1824 she appeared before the public in a little tale called 'Hobomok, a Story of the Pilgrims.' The following year was published her 'Rebels,' a story of the Revolution; and in the same year she married Mr. David Lee Child, her own maiden name being Francis. From the date of her marriage to the present, she has been an indefatigable worker in literature and in domestic and social reform. In 1828 she was the principal editor of one of the earliest and most successful trans-atlantic magazines for children, and it was in this capacity that she first became generally known. The magazine acquired a wide popularity, and was particularly noted for the excellent articles which the editor contributed. Among her best-known books is one comprising a series of biographies of famous women, in which she drew admirable pictures of Lady Russell and Madame Roland, and other historical heroines. She has besides contributed to literature 'The Frugal Housewife,' 'The History and Condition of Women,' 'The Coronal,' and more recently 'The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages.' Mrs. Child early took an interest in the cause of abolition, when that cause was despised by the overwhelming mass even of the most intelligent Americans. She wrote an eloquent plea for the negro, and distinguished herself alike by the ardor of her advocacy and the force with which she gave it expression. In connection with her husband—a man of much literary taste and talent—she edited in 1841 THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the most radical and bitterly hated journal of the day, advocating in it unflinchingly the cause to which she devoted herself. Mrs. Child is yet living and her voice is still heard when wrongs are to be righted and the claims of her sex are to be maintained."

AN ANSWER FROM THE SOUTH.

"Whose soil is trod by none but freemen."—*Grant's Thanksgiving Proclamation, October 8th, 1869.*

FATHER! we kneel upon the freemen's soil
To pray to Thee:
We do not ask thee to remit our toil,
But make us free!

We ask thee not for wealth, the Egyptian's spoil,
Though spoil'd were we:
We pray thee only on this freemen's soil
To make us free.

We know of freedom's pains, that work and moil
Must ever be:
But let us stand upright on the freed soil,
Free with the free!

Give us, O Lord! the right to live and toil
And worship Thee:
So white and black may stand upon the soil
Equal and free!

For the chain is still upon us, yet the coil
Of hate we see
Around our lives, and on this freedmen's soil
We are not free.

What help? old wrongs the easy justice foil:
We cry to Thee—
We are perishing here upon this freemen's soil:
God! make us free!

W. J. LINTON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

NO. CCXLVI.

BOSTON, October, 4th, 1869.

THE *Commonwealth*, after a long delay, has copied a critical notice of "Woman in Prison," by Caroline H. Woods, which appeared in THE STANDARD seven or eight weeks ago. This lady, writing of certain gross abuses in a Penitentiary where she had held a subordinate official station, gave no names of persons or places in her published account of them. Your notice of the book detailed a variety of circumstances which seem to indicate that the abuses thus described took place in the House of Correction at South Boston, under the charge of Captain Charles Robbins. A good deal of evidence has come out of late, showing that the managers of penal institutions need careful supervision as much as those of banks. In this case it seems to be taken for granted that the head of the establishment does well in proportion as his "contract work" helps the treasury, irrespective of whether the human beings under his charge are improved or deteriorated, oppressed or treated with humanity, in the process.

A fault of the opposite character, improper indulgence to a rich criminal, is alleged against the keeper of the Boston jail, where no labor is required of the inmates. It is said that Daniel S. Curtis, who was sentenced there for two months for assault on a fellow passenger in a railroad car, is allowed a handsome appartment in the jailor's own premises instead of one of the cells of the prison, that he has there the society of his family and friends entirely without regard to the "visiting-hours" to which the friends of other prisoners are restricted, and that he is allowed to live precisely as a rich man would live in a hotel, except for the single restriction of not leaving the building. All this time a dozen little boys, sentenced to the same institution for stealing peaches, and other such necessities of the class which Church and State suffer to grow up as street vagrants, have the regular hard lodging and hard fare of the prison, without the slightest consideration either for their comfort or their improvement.

As to the possibility of calling Sheriff Sprague to account for interfering to nullify, in considerable part, the sentence pronounced on Mr. Curtis by two Courts and approved by the Governor and Council, authorities differ. An intelligent man to whom I put this question thought that the Sheriff was responsible only for the safe-keeping of his prisoners, and that, this point being made sure, he might, at his pleasure, remit all the other hardships of jail life to any favorite among them, or any one whose money or influence in return would be useful to him. It may be so. At any rate, Sheriff Sprague takes the risk of its being so, and thus far nobody has interfered to prevent the carrying out of this theory in the case of Mr Curtis.

Slavery has been abolished; and there is a good deal of comfortable assumption about "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But the *sequelæ* of that virulent disease seem as persistent and as dangerous as those of measles or scarlet fever. A new phase of an old social-legal-moral question has just come up in Washington, namely:—not merely whether white men have not a monopoly of the desirable and respectable seats in a theatre; but whether persons who have been adjudged white men by the ticket-seller may be excluded as *not* white men by the door-keeper.

It must be confessed that much may be said on both sides of this question, and that the peculiar manners and customs of our white Southern brethren in years past have made it a very difficult one to settle. Even should we admit their maxim that our government ought to be a "white men's government," the important question remains to be decided, Which are the white men? Even experts, like the ticket-sellers and door-keepers of theatres, may be deceived; nay, they actually give their decision on opposite sides of the same case! With the best intentions, as we are bound to suppose, towards their employers, and the Constitution, and the welfare of the social system, they come to different conclusions on the vital point in question!

The managers of theatres have been culpably negligent in this matter. Those of their functionaries who are charged with the admission of the audience, and who have thus the responsibility of using a proper discrimination to secure its respectability, must be able not merely to distinguish shades and half-shades of color—it was by this coarse, superficial method of deciding that Daniel Webster was once refused admission to a country tavern, on the ground that "they did not entertain colored people;" these functionaries should be trained anthropologists, competent to settle, and provided with the apparatus for settling, any doubtful case. Then, if a dark-complexioned or otherwise questionable gentleman applies for a ticket, he may be asked—"Have the kindness to take off your hat, Sir;" or, if a look at his curls should leave the case yet doubtful—"Shall I trouble you to pull a hair from your head, that the microscope may decide for me to what part of the house I shall allot you?"

To be sure, this method will take a good deal of time, but what a gain it will be to know that the occupants of the fashionable seats, however incongruously jumbled in regard to manners and morals, have, every one of them, the right type of skin, and the right type of hair!

Turning from great things to small, as correspondents and other people must do, I give you a couple of suggestions appropriate to the season, about the preservation of fruit. In an English book published this year, called "Gleanings from French Gardens," I find the following methods stated as successful in preserving two kinds of fruit in a fresh, plump and well-flavored condition some weeks beyond their ordinary time.

Peaches, gathered ripe before being quite soft, should be packed in bran in rough boxes, and placed in cellar or store-room. Fresh grapes will last much better if, when quite ripe, a small portion of the branch is cut off with them, and its end placed in a vase or bottle of water.

10th.—The *Congregationalist*, of this city, quoting from your correspondent's letter of week before last, calls its writer "the infidel Boston correspondent of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD." The occasion for the use of this disparaging epithet (as shown by its connection) is curious, and even ludicrous. My language, quoted by the clerical editor with reprobation, was founded on the unquestionable facts that the Hebrew Scripture enjoins a Saturday Sabbath for Jews, and for them only,—while the Christian Scripture, expressly declaring Christians released from that ordinance, not only appoints no other day for sabbatical observance, but affirms the Christian to be freed from *all* observance of days. I approve, and uphold, and act upon what the Bible teaches in regard to sabbatism; he, though maintaining in theory the infallible inspiration of the Bible, disregards its teaching upon this subject, adopts a rule opposite to its rule, and calls me an infidel for siding with the Bible against that church-custom, that "tradition of the elders," which he chooses to follow. To the sabbatarians of old it was said by Jesus—"Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition." Our sabbatarian editor not only disregards this warning, but has the impudence to claim as "God's law" a law copied from the Westminster Assembly's catechism in opposition to the Bible.

The readers of THE STANDARD have occasionly heard of two colored children, twins, of great beauty and promise, who were brought here from the South a year ago or so, and for whom Wendell Phillips has repeatedly asked adoption from persons charitably disposed. Their original names were Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The Lee and the Stonewall have been dropped, and they have since been known by the remaining names. They have been living at the Temporary Home for Children in Kneeland Street, here, and I mention them now to say that the Heavenly Father has withdrawn one of them from the uncertainties and troubles of this mortal life. Robert has just died of some pulmonary trouble, and Jackson still remains, a bright and intelligent child, giving excellent promise of improving any oppertunities in the way of culture that may be offered him. Jackson is a Northern name as well as a Southern, and it is to be hoped that this little fellow's career may benefit his country and his race, instead of being spent in either working or fighting against them.

Mr. Murray of Park street church, continues to preach the gospel, and his earnestness, combined with the force of truth, can hardly fail to convert some, even of the church-members. Here are some thoughts from a sermon preached there since the last I reported to you.

The community are greatly mistaken as to the means to be trusted in for the prevention of crime; school education alone will not do it; church-building and preaching alone will not do it. The sorts of crime most common among us are out of the reach not only of our ordinary school-instruction, but of our ordinary religious administration. The most intelligent missionaries admit that they are not doing the work which the churches think they are. Society cannot be reformed until families are reformed; but our church operations, scarcely touch the family; certainly do not use means reasonably adapted to keep the perishing classes either out of vicious indulgence or out of vicious employment.

The circumstances leading to crime are various. The natural spirit of emulation may be the moving spring. If a bright boy receives his first instruction from a first-class burglar, he feels the same gratification in the exercise of that particular skill as the honest carpenter's apprentice does in his. Lust leads some astray; indolence, many; pride and love of dress, many; and many sin because there seems no other refuge from cold and hunger.

Hardheartedness of employers is the source of much of the existing vice. It would be instructive to learn how much rich people pay to their workwomen of the poorest classes. The fine ladies who complain of agitation about women's rights had better look into the causes of such crimes as women commit, and at their own responsibility for it. To cure these classes of crime there needs a discarding of prejudice on the part of comfortable and prosperous ladies, not a further multiplication of preaching places or mission-schools.

The lack of industrial training is a very great evil. Even if pride and prejudice should be removed, great numbers of working women have had no such training as to fit them for the very work they undertake to do. Even those children of the poor who enjoy the advantages of our common schools are not thereby taught to earn a living. Their brain is instructed, but not their fingers. This state of things bears hardest upon poor *girls*, because fewer employments are open to them. The school educates them above their position, and then leaves them in it. Such is the uncertainty of human affairs that even mothers in prosperous circumstances are greatly to blame if they teach their daughters to do nothing.

What remedy is there for this state of things?

It is very difficult to say. Yet it seems clear that the City and the School Committee owe it to the poor school girls to make some effort towards teaching them to earn a living. Mrs. Dr. Batchelder (moved by the Spirit of God, I believe), has done what she could in this direction by establishing an Industrial school for Girls. The School Committee voted an appropriation of three thousand dollars for her aid, but this has not been paid, and nothing further seems to have been done in that direction. The public instruction of our girls should teach them something towards supporting themselves as well as enjoying themselves.

In these sermons, the preacher has the encouragement at least of earnest attention from his large audience.

NORTH.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Friday, Oct. 8, 1869.

THE year which is drawing to a close has been free from pestilence; health has prevailed throughout the land; abundant crops award the labors of the husbandman; commerce and manufactures have successfully prosecuted their peaceful paths; the mines and forests have yielded liberally; the nation has increased in wealth and in strength; peace has prevailed, and its blessings have advanced the interests of the people in every part of the Union; harmony and fraternal intercourse are obliterating the marks of the past conflict and estrangement; burdens have been lightened and means increased; and civil and religious liberty is secured to every inhabitant of the land whose soil is trod by none but freemen. It becomes a people thus favored to make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author, from whom such blessings flow, of their gratitude and their dependence; to render praise and thanksgiving for the same, and devoutly to implore a continuance of His mercies.

Therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend that Thursday, the 18th of November next, be observed as a day of thanksgiving, praise, and prayer to Almighty God, the Creator and the Ruler of the Universe. And I do further recommend to all the people of the United States to assemble on that day in their accustomed places of public worship, to unite in the homage and praise due the bountiful Father of all mercy, and fervently pray for the continuance of the merciful blessings He has vouchsafed to us as a people.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed, this the fifth day of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-fourth.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President, HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THE "woman movement," says a correspondent, is making progress in Russia, Mr. Mill's work on "The Subjection of women" is enjoying a wide circulation in that country, and three extended reviews of it, all highly approving its sentiments, have recently appeared in the journals of Moscow and St. Petersburg. In a domestic drama now having a run at the Moscow Theatre, a studious young lady says sharply to her old-fashioned mother, "You ought to know that everybody is now saying that woman ought to be free," the sentiment, it is said, never failing to elicit loud applause. It is proposed to hold a grand Woman's Rights Convention at St. Petersburg, to which Mr. Mill is to be invited.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

LITERARY.

The Radical for October opens with a very interesting article from the pen of Rev. Samuel Johnson entitled "Free Religion and a Free State," from which we quote the following:

"In modern times, distinctive religious faith exerts less power on national life than it did of old. What we call the living forces of civilization take its place. The practical energies do not depend on religious systems and traditions, nor on ideals thereof in the past, nor on some sole personal Saviour for all men,—but on the entire relation of living man to present opportunity. What does our own experience teach us about the springs and safeguards of the public weal?

"Let us recall our national struggle and deliverance; but yesterday the intensest of realities to us all. The lesson is not yet appreciated in its religious aspects. Every radical danger, every secret malady, had gathered its forces, and did its worst. Note that the sword had proved indispensable: that of itself was a triumph of barbarism; and the question was just this, whether the sword could be made a saviour, in the interest of those eternal benignities that underlie all reason and all religion. The issue demonstrated that it could and that it must. So long as the war was thought a question of the heaviest battalions only, we, having the heaviest battalions, were defeated: every step was discomfiture. Beyond the Red Sea beckoned no Promised Land. It was when emancipation proved a military necessity, that we began to read our lesson. It enforced itself for the war, as it enforces itself now for peace; and it was this. You save civilization, you save America, when you have earned the knowledge, straight from life, facing the present facts, fronting God and duty and the original springs of power,—that moral resources are mightier than cannon, that justice and love are stronger than the brute in man.

"Faith in personal leadership did not save us. What continuous rebuffs we had in that direction! We learned what mischief personal idolatry can do. We learned how easy it was for men in high position to cause hosts of little men to go wrong; how easy for masters of the people's faith to chill their moral courage, and paralyze their hope. Leaders of majorities perpetually led astray, and the end confuted them. Lords of the stock market proved as ignorant as the school-boy who knows no more of finance than the rule of three. The prophecies of statesmen and reformers were at fault. No man was wise with to-morrow's secret; though few were like the wizard who made political reputation a farce by perpetually seeing the millennial dawn at ninety days' distance. There was no second sight we could trust but belief in principles; no other key that saved from perplexity and despair; no statesmanship but that which warred against compromise as defeat, and insisted on justice as victory. And we understood these best when we had learned that the principles were not dependent even on the virtue of their truest defenders alone, but must needs conquer by their natural hold on the country and on the age. Depression is periodical in revolutions, and the nation had its ebbs of faith. But what despondency would have settled over us, not to be lifted off, if we had had no trust to fall back on beyond the most trusted leader! There was one man on whom the people did rest all their hope, as it seemed. He alone could deliver. The trust broke in a moment, at the snap of a ruffians pistol. And the sentence went home to every soul, in that awe-fraught hush that struck in on the jubilees of victory,—'Not in man shall your trust be; only in the rightness of your cause.' God said then to the State, just what he now says to the Church: that no Messiah saves, no name by whatsoever service made dear, or however indispensable it may have seemed. The Nation took Abraham Lincoln for its political Christ. He was withdrawn; and we heard God speak, 'It is not untimely: not by Abraham Lincoln, alive or dead, but by a more thorough justice than his, are you to be brought through.' So to the Church: 'Not by a Christ, alive or dead; but by my Spirit and its everlasting light.'

"The nation was guaranteed by the leadership of principles, not of this or that person; nor yet by that of plans, which is but another form of the same. We shall hardly be persuaded that all is staked on the successful worship of a sole and final 'plan of salvation' through Christ in the Church, when we recall how little was gained by worshiping final plans for success by statesman, general, president, or party, in the imperiled State. What saved us when plan after plan failed; We saw that God was not at a loss, if we were. His resources were not spent, nor was his purpose staked, on one last scheme for a dying cause. Was there a poor stone in the brook that justice could not take to its sling to slay our Goliahs of treason? A snow-storm or a muddy road settles the fate of a campaign: just as, long ago, it came to pass that a pilot disobeyed orders, and New England was the result. The border settlements were overrun by slavery; and all the powers of government and people lay in dead indifference, or gave open aid. But what then? A ruffian strikes down a patriot senator, and the North is roused, Kansas saved. Civil war stood imminent at the North, to aid the Southern revolt at its outbreak. 'What can deliver us?' Charleston, in hot haste, fires a shot too soon. The North is united; civil war recedes from her homes. So it was all through: safety by fresh surprise; not by the prescribed method, but in ways we had not known. In the darkest hours we learned to say, 'Well, this war is God's arsenal, and there is none on earth who holds the keys of its great secret chambers.' Justice may well have bolts brewing somewhere. Has not liberty twenty million souls to work with here at the North, and four million black apostles and five million madmen at the South? Are no combination of these atoms possible but such as our wise men have foreseen and fore-arranged? Is God shut up to their alternatives? 'A victory in so many days,' broke out some demoralized functionary of our instituted political faith every little while, 'or we may as well give in that the cause is lost.' But 'the cause' was not won, nor the nation saved, by that spirit. And can we expect any greater efficacy than that, from a Church so demoralized as to insist that the hopes of man rest on 'one plan of salvation,' on one saving name, on the guardianship of one 'divinely instituted' faith? A free people can draw conclusions.

"The disciplines of the war taught us that it was vain to be forever imagining ourselves at the last throw of the fatal dice; vain to be victims of the latest telegram, forever in a camp-meeting frenzy of hope and fear: we learned to cease trying to marshal all the bewildering details, and so found at least free space and free play for what all these unmanageable threads were serving and working out. We learned that there are great conservative limits in human nature; that it does not desire universal ruin, and will not tolerate it; that, when violence and treason strike at last against these limits, they are beaten back and broken. We learned that there is 'an *inward* blight that shrinks oppression's evil springs.' We learned that innumerable selfish propensities even counteract each other in a community, and a tangible advantage to humanity results which no one had proposed. We learned that moral poisons are pushed to the surface, and flung off with whatever agonies the depth of the disease demands. We saw the necessity of character to show itself as it is; that none could hide; that the snake was crushed when his opportunity revealed the fang; that lies were slaves to truth. We found that the lightning clove the people to their heart only to make way for the latent unsuspected fires of loyalty and liberty and love.

"In a word, we learned the moral laws that go behind churches, redeemers, incarnations, and the like. We were fed, for that hour at least, at the eternal root of life.

"These laws, inherent in the laws of a free state, authoritative in their own right, were the natural "lessons" of the struggle. And by their education we were saved, so far as we are yet saved at all; and America began to be.'

There are two poems, one, "Ego," a philosophical poem of Progress, by Francis Gerry Fairfield; the other by "C. C." we quote:

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

Grieve ye the ship of her life, that had brought from thoughts far shore
Fabrics matchlessly wrought, and pearls unsunned before,
Just as it neared your strand, sank wrecked before your eyes,
With its freight of love's pure gold, and wisdom's merchandise?

Grieve not! Oh, she was blest "who lies where pearls lie deep:"
Would that all women like her even so might sink to sleep!
The bliss of her life, at its brightest, changed not to vapor, nor fell;
But, suddenly prisoned, grew crystal, like a pearl within its shell.

Isled in her loneliness, once, even while the crowd surged nigh,
Only the ear of God could hear that heart's low cry;
But he heard at last, at last; and love's best succor came,
And that rescue of love was sweeter than the isle-throne lone, and fame.

* * * * * * * * * * *

She sank with her treasures near her,—her chosen of heart, and his child:
She is his and Heaven's,—and her land's too, for souls cannot be exiled.
Heaven's amethyst gate of ocean oped, like sweep of archangel's wing,
From her love's mid-arch of triumph to the city where Love is king.

Charles D. B Mills contributes a thoughtful paper, the first of a series on "The Eleatic School;" Henry B. Blackwell writes of "What is True Religion;" and Col. R. J. Hinton gives some entertaining reminiscenses of "English Socialists." There is the usual interesting variety in the editorial department.

Littell's Living Age, No. 1323, for the week ending October 9th, contains The Feast of Belshazzar, a prize poem, by Edwin Arnold; Children's Literature, by Miss Yonge, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" three articles on the Stowe-Byron controversy from the *Spectator*, *Examiner*, and *Saturday Review*, respective; Lady Duff Gordon and her Works, *Macmillan's Magazine;* Of Unconsciousness and Annihilation, *Fraser's Magazine;* Mrs. Merridew's Fortune, *Cornhill Magazine;* A County Family, Part XI, *Chambers' Journal;* The Future of France, and Forthcoming Changes in European Politics, *Pall Mall Gazette;* besides short articles and poems.

The Living Age is issued every Saturday, giving fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly; enabling it to present with satisfactory fullness and completeness, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticism, Tales, Poetry, Literary, Scientific, Biographical, Historical and Political, Information, gathered from the whole body of English periodical literature, and from the pens of the ablest living writers.

Subscription price, $8 a year *free of postage*. An extra copy sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

The Boston Commonwealth says:

"The literary editor of *Hearth and Home* is a little unfortunate in his facts. 'The Discovery of the Great West' is not by Dr. Parkman, but by Mr. Francis Parkman. 'Among My Books' is not Mr. Lowell's 'first volume of prose works ever issued,' he having previously published 'Conversations on the Old Poets,' and 'Fireside Travels.' And Col. Higginson's book does not record his adventures with the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, which he never commanded, but with the First South Carolina. We are sorry to see a similar inaccuracy in the political views of the current story-teller of the *Hearth and Home*, a Mrs. LeVert, whose 'Four Times to Richmond' turns on the heroism of the Southern soldiers and their 'dying for their country.' We judge that it is Ik. Marvel rather than Mrs. Stowe who caters for this department of the newspaper.'

Any special laudation of the Southern (Confederate) soldiers we think *Hearth and Home* might very properly leave to such rebel journals of the South as still survive the war.

Die Neue Zeit is the title of a new German weekly issued in this city to be devoted chiefly to the advocacy of the Woman's Rights movement. It is not to be in any sense a political party journal, and will be the friend and ally of all just and beneficent enterprises. It has before it a field of much usefulness among the German readers of this country, for whom it is especially intended. It will also doubtless achieve somewhat of a circulation abroad and do a much needed, pioneer work there. We hope it may merit, and receive, a large measure of support and encouragement. The publication office is at 19 Ann street. It is edited by Dr. Hoeber. Terms $4.00 per year.

Demorest's Young America for October presents the first of a new series of chromo-lithographs—"The Bluebird of America." It will delight the children as will also the other pictures in this entertaining number. We commend the story of "The Colored Boy's Revenge," and hope its wholesome lesson will reach many tender, impressible hearts. We need more of such teaching in our popular magazines to counteract our wicked, national prejudice against color.

The letters of the children in the departments of "The Little Housekeeper" and "The Young Farmer" show that some of the readers of this juvenile magazine know how to work, and have healthy self-respect enough to give their example to others.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers send us the following:

FRANKLIN SQUARE, New York, Oct. 7th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Efforts having been made in certain quarters to excite the sympathy and compassion of the public and the press on account of our issuing, from our old plates, a cheaper and better edition of George Eliot's Novels than the one published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., we think it proper to say, in explanation, and in reply to the unjust attacks upon us:

That we were the first to publish these Works in this country, and that for the early sheets thereof we have paid from time to time in the aggregate the sum of Five Thousand Dollars in Gold. HARPER & BROTHERS.

An excellent article entitled "who earned that money?' a vindication of the property rights of housewives, from the pen of Mrs. Stowe, we reprint on our fourth page from *Hearth and Home*.

One of the alcoves of the British Museum is filled with different editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," printed in nearly all the known languages of the world.

RECEIVED.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 210 pp. Boston: William White & Co.

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK. By Joseph Hatton. 408 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

FELIX HOLT. By George Eliot. 529 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 349 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Gardener's Monthly for October. Philadelphia: Brickloe & Marot.

The Atlantic Almanac for 1870. 63 pp. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

CONVENTION OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION at Friends' Meeting House, Wilmington, Delaware, Saturday, October 16th, 1869, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Among those expected to be present are: Lucretia Mott, Alfred H. Love, Henry T. Child, M. D., Rachel W. M. Townsend, Joseph Powell.

At 7 o'clock the same evening the Friends of Peace of Delaware are invited to meet to form a Branch Society. The public are respectfully invited.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WE have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy each of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50.

Advertisements.

PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he still continues his PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY and is prepared to execute all orders that may be intrusted to him, with care and promptness. Authors desiring a publisher, or wishing their works superintended while in press, will do well to confer with him, as his experience in the business and established connections, afford peculiar facilities for the furtherance of their interests. Works of all established authors furnished at the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. Office 39 Nassau street, Room 43.

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WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON.

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PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND MORAL CULTURE; OR THE TRUE ART OF LIVING

By PROF. F. G. WELCH, Superintendent o Yale College.

Part First embraces Prof. Welch's System of Heavy Gymnastics as systematized by him and taught in his classes in the College and in other institutions where he has also introduced it.

Part Second gives a complete System of Musical Gymnastics, as taught by him in public classes to thousands in the Eastern States. These Parts are more complete than any work yet published on this subject. They give the whole system of Physical Culture, when and how to exercise, and everything that any one could wish to know on the subject of building Gymnasiums, Apparatus, Dress, Teaching, Schools, etc., and, also, what thousands will desire to know, the best exercises they can take at home.

Part Third embraces numerous essays on Health, Happiness, Occupation, Marriage, Children, Religion, Home, Education, and Culture, and is replete with wisdom for all who would learn the art of living well.

Part Fourth embraces Moral Culture and includes a very large collection of the wisest sayings of great and good men of all ages and times.

The book will contain about 400 pages, will be handsomely bound, and just such a book as should be in the hands of every man and woman in the land. PRICE $2.25.

We shall also publish, Early in October, another New Book entitled

A WINTER IN FLORIDA.

BY LEDYARD BILL.

With Illustrations by Forbes, comprising views of the Old City of St. Augustine, and the Natural Scenery and objects in Eastern Florida.

This is a fresh and interesting volume to all, and priceless to the Tourist and Invalid.

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Miscellaneous Department.

HUMBOLDT.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Read at the Boston "Humboldt Centennial," September 14th, 1869.

Give me, Oh Nature, from thy summer teaching,
A strophe for thy priest, immortal made;
Let me too, pluck, with timid hand outreaching,
A duteous chaplet for his regal head.

Shine out, Oh West! illumined by his traces,
Ere the cramped world took notice of thy state:
He gave the record of thy virgin graces,
And in prophetic vision saw thy fate.

Ye lifted points of flame, ye wide savannahs,
Ye mighty streams, of mountain mothers fed,—
To you, from courtly halls and blazoned banners,
The inner deep command his footsteps led.

Ye fair Auroras with your shafts uprearing,
Celestial architecture solved in light,
He knew the limits of the swift careering
With which you build the lofty dome of night.

Oh beauteous World, with woers and adorers,
Eager thy favors and thy gifts to claim,
Keep thy best tribute for thy true explorers,
The Saints of study, revered in name.

And this one, from the treasury of science,
Where minds perplexed must pass with mystic sign,
Loosing the gates, with masterful compliance
Gave to the multitude her gift divine.

Thus gives the great man—every footstep taken
Carries remembrance of some human need.
While the high Truth he worships, unforsaken,
Vouchsafes the light for which his labors plead.

No idle pomp nor futile joy delays him,
Sped on the earnest errands of the age;
He cannot pause when Kings and courtiers praise him,
Too short the daylight is, too wide the haze.

A paradise was his, where, trim as flowers,
The studious bookshelves bore the growth of thought,
A citadel of service, whose fair towers
Took the first message that the morning brought.

Seer of the inward vein and outward blossom,
Master of laws that nurture and control,
He learns, dark Mother, in thy hidden bosom,
The unimagined secret of the soul.

WHO EARNED THAT MONEY?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

John Simmons began life with nothing but a pair of hands. Hiring himself out as a common laborer, he laid up gradually small sums of money. In time, he was enabled to pay in part the price of a farm, the remainder being held upon mortgage—the interest to be paid yearly, and the principal in instalments, till the whole was liquidated.

John took to wife Mary Evans, one of the prettiest girls in the parish, and they two commenced housekeeping together. Mary brought to the establishment beds and bedding, household linen, crockery, and china, the fruit of her own industry, or the wedding gifts of her parents. Both understood that a life of toil was before them; but both were young and hopeful, bred up to constant industry and economy, and their toils seemed light to them. John was renowned in his vicinity as the man who could do the longest and hardest day's work, and Mary soon became celebrated among the housewives for her skill and prudence in household management. Her butter was known as bringing an extra price; her cheese had a remarkable flavor and fineness. She had a wonderful adroitness and skill in the cutting, shaping, and making of household garments, and her husband was wont to boast that since his marriage his clothes had cost him only one-half what they did before. As to her own dress, such was her skill in altering and mending, such her carefulness in wearing, that her personal expenses seemed scarcely a perceptible item.

John and Mary became parents of a numerous family. Six fine boys and three blooming daughters were successfully added to their household. The care of rearing all these infants was entirely borne by Mary without a servant of any kind, any dimunition of her household labors, except for the first fortnight after the birth of the first child, when a good woman of the neighborhood came in to look after things while Mary was getting back her strength. But after the first fortnight, Mary went back to her work with the added care of the infant. As her children grew up, she trained them to be her helpers. The eldest daughter early became a proficient in household industries, and when only twelve years of age was competent to take her mother's place in the family at the birth of a little brother. These boys, when they were little, were likewise trained to household labor, and helped their mother in the house till they were large enough to make their services of value in the fields.

In time, this family became a perfect little industrial association, every member of which was working toward one end—namely: the payment of the yearly interest on the mortgage, and the gaining of a surplus wherewith to pay the principal.

But so large a family has many expenses. There were sicknesses and accidents to increase labors; there were bad crops, droughts, and all the other disappointments of farming life; and sometimes the domestic ark seemed to roll and plunge heavily, like a water-logged vessel, threatening every moment to go over. John was something of a hypochondriac, and at these times would talk bitterly about family expenses, and accuse his wife and daughters of extravagance. He fell into a way, that many of the male sex have, of regarding everything that is bought for a woman as of course a superfluity. The pretty Sunday bonnets of his blooming daughters, their nice, lady-like dresses, their little girlish ornaments, were remarked on with a savage severity. "I work hard for the money that you spend on finery," was a common saying, accepted in silence by his wife and daughters.

The fact was, that John never, in his own mind, had considered that any work but his earned the money that paid for the farm and supplied the provisions for the family. Every cent that came into the family coffers he regarded as his by right of acquisition, and his wife and daughters as dependents upon his bounty.

Now comes our inquiry. Who did earn the money that paid for John's farm? If his wife performed for him all the service for which he paid a tailor formerly, did she not *earn* that money as really as the tailor? If John had been obliged to hire a woman to perform the labors which Mary performed in the house and dairy, how much a week would he have been obliged to pay her? And did not Mary fairly *earn* this sum—as fairly as John earned his day's work in the field?

But suppose John had been obliged, in addition, to *hire* a woman, not only capable of superintending his dairy, but of training his children, and instructing them in morals—a woman, in short, who should be nurse, cook, housekeeper, and moral guardian, in addition to being tailoress, seamstress, and dairy-woman—how much would he have had to pay for all these things united, if he had been obliged to hire them by money, instead of getting them for love? So much as he would have been obliged to pay, his wife *earned* every week of her life, and ought to have had freely put into her hands—*not* as a husband's gift, but as her own lawful, proper earnings. It should have been *her salary*, and the choice left with her to spend it as she pleased. Then she could, and probably would, have paid her portion to raise the mortgage and secure the farm.

But because this salary, fairly earned, has never been paid her, her husband cherishes the idea that *he* alone has earned the money paid for the farm, and that he supported his wife and daughters.

Query: Has not his wife supported him quite as much as he has supported her?—*Hearth and Home.*

In one of Dickens' "New Uncommercial Traveller" papers, he tells the story of the "East London Children's Hospital," a story which puts to shame the selfish lives of ordinary men and women. The institution was established out of pure Christ-like charity by a husband and wife—a young gentleman and lady who have devoted their means to its establishment, and quietly settled themselves in it as its medical officers and directors. With everything to lure them away, qualified by culture, as well as entitled by birth and breeding, to mingle in refined society, they voluntarily withdraw themselves from all their friends, and live in a part of London as unknown to their equals as Caffre-land, begirt by every repulsive circumstance that can be imagined. The lady's piano, drawing materials and books are as much a part of the place as the seven-and-thirty little iron bedsteads which hold the little patients. Not much childish loveliness is to be found there, for in the second or third generation starvation takes a pinched look; but the sufferings of these pitiable waifs are tenderly assuaged, and the children answer to playful pet names, and are ministered unto with the gracious gentleness of delicate womanhood. The hospital nurses, paid by the young gentleman and lady who established the institution, are all young; ranging, say, from nineteen to four-and-twenty; and it is a beautiful truth that interest in the children and sympathy with their sorrows bind these young women to their places more strongly than any other consideration could. As insufficient food and unwholesome living are the chief causes of disease among these poor little patients, so the chief remedies are nourishment, cleanliness and ventilation.

THE SINGING LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune:
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh, nightingale!" cooed a dove,
"Oh, nightingale! what's the use;
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass,
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know
If you'll try to find it out!

THOREAU'S TRAVELS—WHERE HE WENT AND WHAT HE DID THERE.

Before Mr. Thoreau set out on a foot journey he collected every information as to the routes and the place to which he was going, through the maps and guide-books. For Massachusetts he had the large State map divided in counties convenient, and carried in a cover such parts as he wanted; he deemed this map, for his purposes excellent. Once he made himself a knapsack, with partitions, for his books and papers; india-rubber cloth, strong, and large and spaced, the common knapsacks being unspaced. The partitions were made of stout book paper. His route being known, he made a list of all he should carry, the sewing materials never forgotten, (as he was a vigorous walker and did not stick at a hedge more than an English racer), the pounds of bread, the sugar, salt, and tea carefully decided on. After trying the merit of cocoa, coffee, and the like, tea was put down as the felicity of a walking "travail"—tea plenty, strong, with enough sugar, made in a tin pint cup, when it may be said the walker will be refreshed and grow intimate with tea leaves. With him the botany must go, too, and the book for pressing flowers, and the guide-book, spy-glass and measuring tape—and every one who has carried a pack up a mountain, knows how every fresh ounce tells. He would run up the steepest place as swiftly as if he were on dry land and his breath never failed, while his companion felt as if a spasm was in his lungs, compelled to sit and blow, like an exploded porpoise. He commended every party to carry a "junk of heavy cake" with plums in it, having found by long experience, that after toil it was a capital refreshment.

He encountered queer adventures, and once as he came late into a town devoid of a tavern, on going to the best looking house in the place for a bed, he got one in the entry, within range of the family; his speech and manners being those of polite society,—but in some of our retired towns, there are traditions of lodgers who arise before light and depart with the feather bed, or the origin of feathers in the hen-coop. Once walking in old Dunstable, he much desired the town history by C. J. Fox, and knocking as usual at the best house, went in and asked a young lady who made her appearance, whether she had the book in question; she had—it was produced. After consulting it somewhat, Mr. Thoreau in his sincere way, inquired very modestly whether she "would not sell it to him." I think the plan surprised her, and have heard that she smiled, but he produced his wallet, gave her the pistereen and went his way rejoicing with the book. Certainly broadcloth and patent leather could never have made that purchase. It was in this same place, that he visited a dignitary, one of the heads of the town, who took the cow hides the wrong way, and though he answered the proper amount of questions, he stood up in his parlor in his hat:—

"Be thou 'ware where Saadi dwells;
Wisdom of the gods is he,—
Entertain it reverently."

He did his stint of walking on Cape Cod, where a stranger attracts a pleasing share of criticism, and "looked despairingly at the sandy village whose street he must run the guantlet of, there only by sufferance, and feelings as strange as if he were in a town in China." One of the old Cod could not believe that Mr. Thoreau was not a peddler, the popular excuse for tripping the sands on the "light fantastic toe," but said, after all explanations failed, "Well, it makes no odds what it is you carry, so long as you carry truth along with you." One of those idiots who may be found in some of the houses, grim and silent, one night mumbled he would get his gun "and shoot the damned peddler." And indeed he might have followed in the wake of a spectacle-peddler who started from the inn of Meg Dods, in Wellfleet, the same morning,—both looking after and selling spectacles. He once appeared in a mist in a remote part of the cape, with a bird tied to the top of his umbrella which he shouldered like a gun; the inhabitants of the cottage, one of whom was a man with a sore leg, were incredulous about his story, and set the traveler down for a "crazy fellow." At Orleans on the way down, he was comforted by two Italian organ boys, who had ground their harmonics from Provincetown, a hundred miles, in the sand, as fresh and gay as larks. He once stopped at a hedge-tavern, where a large white bull-dog was kept in the entry; on asking the bar-tender what Cerberous would do to an early riser, he replied, "Do, do,—why he would tear out the substance of your pantaloons;" this was a good notice not to quit the premises without meeting the rent.

He made three journeys into the Maine wilderness, two from Moosehead lake in canoes, accompanied by Indians, another to Katahdin mountain; these taught him the art of camping out, and he could construct in a short time a convenient camp sufficient for permanent occupancy. His last excursion of this kind was to Monadnoc mountain in August, 1859, having made two other excursions previously to the same point. He spent five nights in camp, having built two huts to get varied views. Monadnoc is the best place for a travel of this sort near Boston. The railroad touches within six miles of the summit. A sentence or two may be given to this excursion of Mr. Thoreau to give a general notion of his plan. On a walk like this he always carried his umbrella, and on this Monadnoc trip, when about one mile from the station, a torrent of rain came down, (the day being previously fine), when without his well-used aid, his books, blankets, maps and provisions would all have been spoiled, or the morning lost by delay. On the mountain, the first plateau being reached perhaps at about three, there being a thick, rather soaking fog, the first object was to camp and make tea, which was done at about six. Flowers, birds, lichens and the rocks were carefully examined, all parts of the mountain being visited, and as accurate a map as could be made by pocket compass carefully sketched and drawn out, in the five days spent there, with notes of the striking aerial phenomena, incidents of travel and natural history. Doubtless he directed his work with the view to writing on this and other mountains, and his collections were of course in his mind. Yet all this was incidental to the excursion itself, the other things collateral; the capital in use, the opportunity of the wild, free life, the open air, the new and strange sounds by night and day, the odd and bewildering rocks among which a person can be lost within a rod of camp; the strange cries of visitors to the summit; the great valley over to Wachusett, with its thunder-storms and battles in the cloud to look at, not fear; the farmers' back yards in Jaffrey, where the family cottton can be seen bleaching on the grass, but no trace of the pigmy family; the rip of night-hawks after twilight putting up dor-bugs, and the dry, soft air all the night; the lack of dew in the morning; the want of water, a pint being a good deal; these and similar things make up some part of such an excursion. It is all different from anything and would be so if you went a hundred times; the fatigue, the blazing sun, the disappearance of the boiled salt beef, the face getting broiled; the pint cup never scoured; shaving unutterable, the soap having confided its case to the damp paper in which the salt comes (and a bottle to be sure next time); your stockings dreary, having taken to peat the first day; not all the books in the world, as Sancho says, could contain the adventures of a week spent in camping. —*W. E. Channing.*

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.
And now when comes the calm mid-day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

—*Bryant.*

Serious Illness of Charlotte Cushman.—A Malvern (Eng.) correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing on the 16th ult., says:—

When I wrote you a few weeks ago of meeting Miss Charlotte Cushman in Malvern, and how full she seemed of life, energy, intellectual activity, and interest in art and society, talking of her long residence in Rome and the hundreds of distinguished people she met there from all parts of the world, I should have written quite differently of her had I known the sad truth—the real reason of her resort to the invigorating air and sparkling waters of these beautiful hills.

I was greatly shocked to learn, a few days afterward, that with all that seeming of health she was suffering from one of the most painful and fatal of diseases. After a few weeks at Malvern she went to Edinburgh to have an operation—one of the most hopeless in surgery—performed by Sir James Simpson, and she now lies at the point of death, quite given up by her nearest friends, and those who should be the best judges of her condition. It may be that her strong constitution will carry her through, but no one seems to entertain the least hope, and the news of her death may have already reached you.

Know that you Know.—Henry Ward Beecher gives the following account of how he learned to learn when studying. The lesson is a good one for all learners:

"I first went to the black-board, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' he said, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity, and with the certainty of fate. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why I don't get it.' 'I did study it two hours.' 'That's nothing to me—I want that lesson, you need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours—just to suit yourself. I want the lesson. Underwood, go to the black-board!' 'Oh, yes, but Underwood got somebody to show him his lesson.' 'What do I care how you get it? That's your business. But you must have it.'

"In the midst of a lesson, his cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration—'No!' I hesitated, stopped, and then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same spot again—'No!' uttered with the tone of perfect conviction, barred my progress. 'The next!' and I sat down in red confusion. He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and as he set down was rewarded with 'Very well.' 'Why,' whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said No!' 'Why didn't you say Yes! and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it! You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world say No, your business is to say Yes, and prove it!'"

FOR WHAT!

BY GEORGE COOPER.

For what
This maze of weary care;
This bitter loss;
The grief and pain we share;
This earthly cross?
For what
The pall and shuddering knell?
Ah! who may tell?

For what
This glimpse of hallowed joys;
This broken strain
Lost in earth's jarring noise,
Then caught again?
For what
This breath from the outward sea
To you and me?

For what
These doubts and wasting fears;
This fond caress;
These dark and toilsome years:
This faded tress?
For what
These withered hopes and leaves,
And blighted sheaves?

For this:
O hearts that ache and bleed,
Were earth all blest,
Who then would ever need
God's heavenly rest?
For good
Still falls the Eternal Will,
Oh not for ill!

Messages from the Dead.—The recent colliery explosion in Saxony was accompanied by one of the most terrible incidents ever recorded in connection with these fearful calamities. The miners were not all killed instantly, as was at first supposed, some of them being unharmed by the explosion and dying slowly by suffocation. Some of these poor fellows occupied the last moment of their lives in writing messages in their note-books to their wives and children, and these were found when the bodies were discovered. These men, in the very presence of death, had thoughts for every one but themselves. "Dear wife," writes one of them, "take good care of Mary; in a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother and sisters, till we meet again." One by the name of Schmidt had pinned a paper to the breast of his blouse, on which he had written the following words: "My dear relations, while seeing death before me, I remember you. Farewell till we meet again in happiness." A miner named Bahr wrote in his note-book: "This is the last place where we have taken refuge. I have given up all hope, because the ventilation has been destroyed in three separate places. May God take myself and my relatives and dear friends who must die with me, as well as our families, under His protection." Another had written: "Janetz has died. Richter left his family to God. Farewell, dear wife; farewell, dear children; may God keep you." One only uttered a complaint, and it was not a violent one: "Farewell, dear wife and children; I did not think it would end so: Oberman." These brief messages, written in the actual presence of death, while yet the writers were in the possession of full physical health, are pathetic beyond description.

The root of the love of titles is in what phrenologists call approbativeness. Men love form. They love those insignia which imply praiseworthyness.

In other lands, civil titles are the result of the organization of society; they are political facts. Society is stratified, and each strata should have its scientific name. But society is not politically stratified in America. It is homogeneous. Titles belong to offices, but not to individuals. As long as he is in office, the chief magistrate of the State is Governor, and of the nation President. But when he goes out of office his title does not go with him except by courtesy. An ex-president is nothing, or rather, is a nuisance.

The mushroom titles that spring up in neighborhoods are very harmless. There are so many Captains, Colonels, Judges, Esquires, Governers, that no one pays any attention to them. They are, like knockers on a front door, noisy instruments to bring the owner out when anybody wants to use him.

We regard these petty titles as a mere rash, which breaks out when there is vanity in the blood. It is a harmless rheum. That which does not break out is far more dangerous. Let men have their own tastes. Men's humors may be safely left free, as long as the world too is left free to laugh at them.—*H. W. Beecher on Titles in N. Y. Ledger.*

New Wonders of the Spectroscope.—That wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, continues to enlarge our acquaintance with the composition of our solar system, and even of the fixed stars and the comets. Father Secchi has made the astonishing discovery of the vapor of water in the vicinity of the sun-spots, and we now know that our luminary contains also in its atmosphere hydrogen, sodium, iron, magnesium, calcium, copper, cobalt, barium, and nickel. The same observer has recently ascertained that the planet Uranus has an atmosphere of considerable extent, and generally transparent. The spectrum of a comet corresponds exactly with that given by ignited carbon vapor; so that a comet is little more than a barrelful of petroleum on fire; and the variable star p Gemini is found to be surrounded by an envelope of burning gas. As regards some of them, at least, we can no longer, therefore, "doubt that the stars are fire."—*From Our Monthly Gossip, in the October number of Lippincott's Magazine.*

Bad Bed-Fellows.—Exceedingly bad! No tobacco user is fit for a bed companion. He is giving forth pestilential vapors from all the pores of his skin. He is an embodiment of perpetual miasma. The immediate atmosphere surrounding him is inevitably impregnated and polluted with the constant effluvia which emanates from his whole surface. He becomes a perfect walking distillery of the deadly essence, sending forth its fumes and vapors into the surrounding atmosphere. His mouth is the mill which grinds out the seed, and his whole body the distillery for the essence.

Put a chewer or smoker into a vapor bath, with no tobacco in the room, and in a short time the whole room, will be strongly scented with tobacco effluvia that emanates from his body. Put him into a warm bath, and get up a perspiration; then put that water upon flies or vermin of plants, and it will instantly destroy them.—*Health Reformer.*

Advertisements.

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Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative *Pill.* The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cured them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and we need not publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite,** they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa,** but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins,** they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill,* take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
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Exposition Universelle,
Paris, 1868.

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FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS (Legs and Arms.)

By the International Jury, Paris, 1867.

Le Conseiller D'Etat, Commissaire General, F. Le Play. | Le Ministre, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, Ce. Foreade.

Report of U. S. Commissioner, T. W. Evans, M. D., Member of the Jury of the Universal Exposition, to the United States. William H. Seward, Secretary, Department of State. To wit:

Dr. Hudson has received from the Imperial Commission a Bronze Medal and Diploma, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE
CONFERENCE
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

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